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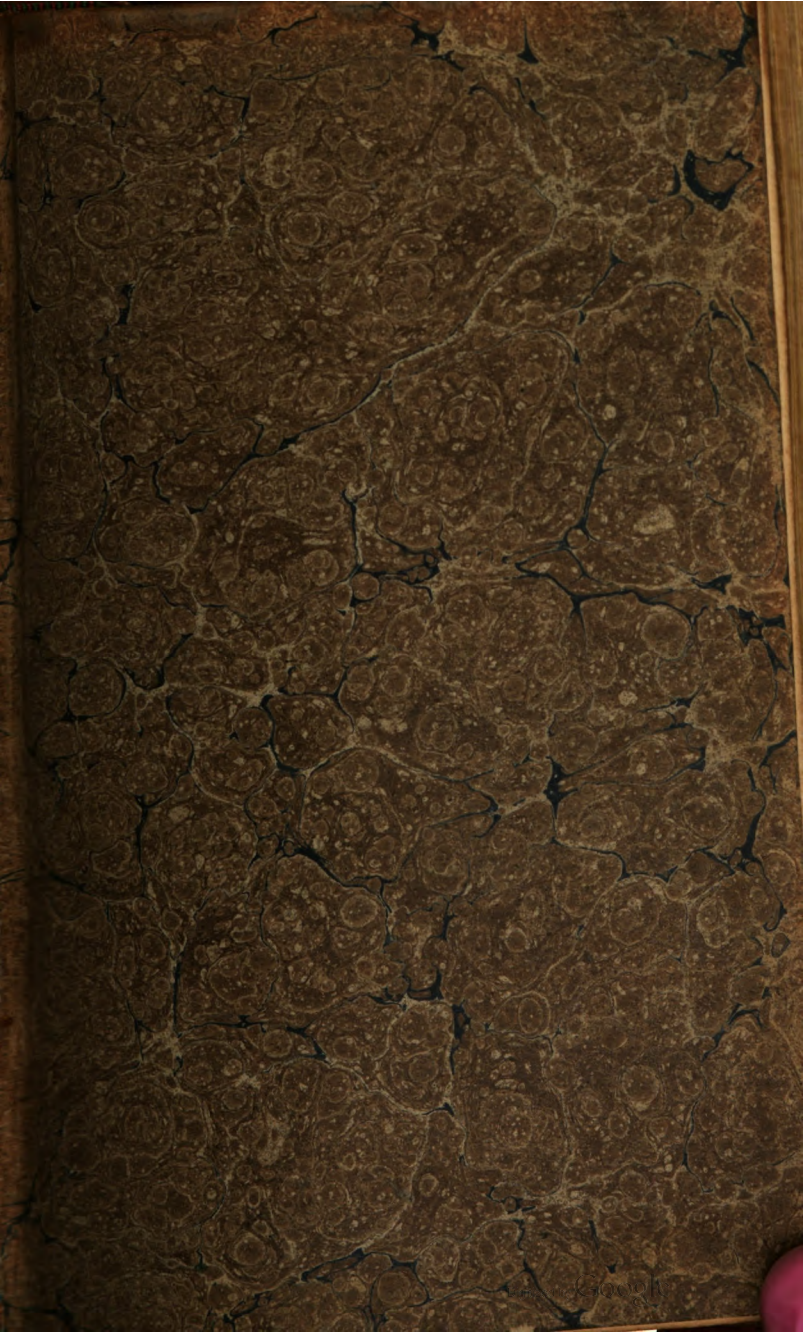

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THE

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OF

J. BIDLAKE, A.B.

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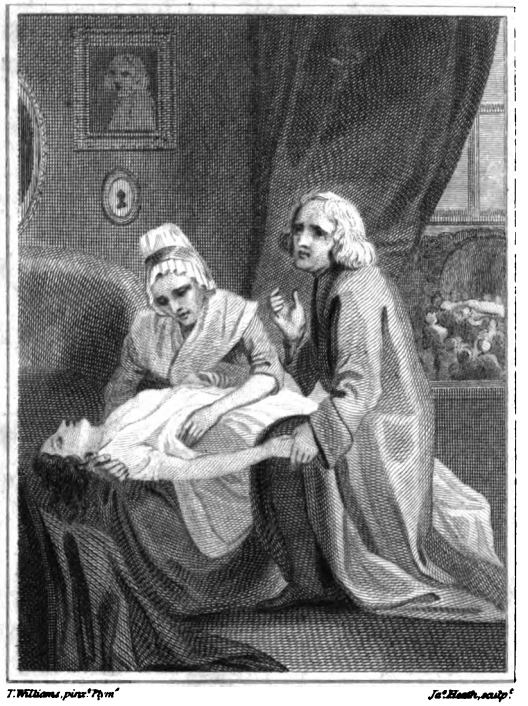

T. Williams, pinx.t Plym.t

Ja.s Heath, sculp.t

Then with a shriek she fell a pallid form.

See Book 1. line 265

Published April 4th 1804 by John Murray. 32 Fleet Street London.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

J. BIDLAKE, A.B.

CHAPLAIN TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CLARENCE,
AND MASTER OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, PLYMOUTH.

SECOND EDITION.

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PREFACE.

FORMER editions of these Poems having rapidly sold, the Author has in this made considerable alterations, which he hopes will render them more acceptable to the Public.

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ERRATA.

Page 12, *read* The sacred catechism we sadly whin'd.
ib. —— Bespoke the temper sour'd, how shrunk we round.
20, *dele* suffers.
24, *read* The froward, pert, fantastic, prattling, vain.
197, —— Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant.
235, *for* sceva *read* sæva.

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YOUTH,

A POEM.

BESIDE yon limpid stream how oft I stray'd!
How oft, in childish hours, delighted play'd!
How oft have gather'd flow'rets o'er the brink
That, nodding, dipt, the passing wave to drink!
The bird how oft pursu'd in eager chace,
A new advent'rer from its native place;
That wander'd, timid, panting, gazeful round,
Perch'd on the bush, or totter'd on the ground.
Near, and more near, as cautiously I drew,
My hope it mock'd, and still more distant flew;
And I, condemn'd, e'er since, hope's lure to try,
Still see the phantom near, still see it fly!
How oft, well-pleas'd, the dancing cork I ey'd,
A trembling index, light upon the tide!

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Or launch'd the paper vessels, steer'd their course,
And with a monarch's pride beheld my force;
While down the stream I saw my fragile fleet
By eddies hurried, and by billows beat:
Ah! little conscious of our future doom,
O'er life's wide ocean, tempest-tost, who roam.
How oft, within the copse that clothes yon hill,
My well-pleas'd ear pursu'd the murm'ring rill
That coyly hides her silver, virgin stream,
Then peeps again to meet the sunny gleam.
There primrose blooms, all lavish, sweetly smil'd;
Pale, short-liv'd tenants of the vernal wild.
There I forestall'd the wand'ring spoiler bee,
And suck'd their nectar cups with infant glee:
With curious eye, when spring the green boughs drest,
There sought the chorister's secreted nest;
Detecting sly, the linnet's hidden seat,
That artful wil'd me from her fond retreat;
There, wonder'd at the heav'n-taught skill that spread
The silver lining of the moss-wove bed;
Delighted ey'd the sparrow's eggs of blue,
Soft as Melissa's eye, or morning's hue;
With finger tantalis'd the hungry brood
That claim'd a mother's aid, and gap'd for food:

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But none were harm'd; for kind, parental care,
Had taught me both to pity, and to spare.
And oft, when Autumn bent the loaded bough,
I shook the patt'ring show'r of nuts below.
In such pursuits each passing hour could please,
For small delights can glad the heart at ease.
E'en winter many a puerile sport supply'd:
The slipp'ry ice that shot in crystal pride;
The snow so chastely white, with feath'ry fall
In one diffusive hue absorbing all;
The hoary hill, the cot, the winding dell:
How gaz'd, we elves, as soundless slow it fell!
The novel wonder pleas'd the careless breast,
Pure as th' unsullied garb which nature drest:
Th' imprinting foot betray'd, we joy'd to trace
O'er undistinguish'd nature's level face;
The hard'ning ball we gaily toss'd around,
Or roll'd to giant size along the ground.
Night, too, with bliss inspir'd the noisy train:
The lengthen'd laugh, from hearts untouch'd by pain,
That shook, convulsive, ev'ry bursting side,
When mirthful Christmas gilded Winter's tide;
The vacant hour, the birth-day's festive treat,
That wak'd the jest with boundless mirth replete:
Then grop'd the blinded hero round to seize
Each boist'rous urchin, watchful how to tease.

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But when th' exhausted spirit 'gan to tire,
The pigmy circle sought the cheerful fire;
Th' amusive tale of infant history spread,
And credulous wonder grew, and solemn dread.
Next giant feats the rapt attention drew,
And stories thence of ghosts and goblins grew:
While terrors rise, and speaking in each face,
With death-like awe, and silence, chill the place,
More close we cling as rising fears confound,
And cast a stealthful look suspicious round.

Ye sons of pedant pride! severely wise,
Who ev'ry trifle, save your own, despise,
Awhile to childhood's simpler tales attend,
And say, how soon our sweetest pleasures end.
Ask pow'r, or niggard wealth, or learned strife,
And all adult'rate hopes of busy life,
Are they so pure as dreams of fervid youth?
So warm as blissful ignorance of truth?
Hard is the heart that knows not how to melt
When busy mem'ry paints what once it felt;
And how the musing mind delights to dwell
On hours of innocence, ye feeling, tell!
How grateful 'tis to live o'er youthful days;
Guilt only shuns reflection's wakeful rays.
Yes! manhood's pride, his ev'ry anxious care,
Is only hollow folly drest more fair.

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Poor vanity decks out her pompous joys,
And cheats the full-grown babe with gilded toys.
What are the schemes that restless mortals plan,
But specious baubles, cheating childish man?
Less innocent, less pure, we hence complain,
That all below is empty, all is vain.

Now the light forms of morning's lucid pride
Are borne far, far adown the flowing tide
Of all-destructive time! Mere passing dreams,
Mere glitt'ring vapours, evanescent beams!
Ah gone, for ever gone! So the rich bow
O'er the thin air with unsubstantial glow
Spreads its delusive form; so sudden fades
Each splendid joy in dark oblivious shades.
How oft yon lilac's vernal tints I ey'd!
When hope shone smiling, in its purple pride,
Around my bow'r, the bow'r these hands had rais'd,
How swell'd my heart, elate to hear it prais'd!
Ah transient bloom! swift child of fleeting spring,
Thou annual promise with impatient wing!
Short are thy visits, and in haste again
Thou leav'st me, still to moralise and plain.

Yet some strong traces printed on the brain
O'er grief a renovescent pow'r maintain;
Some passing pictures dwell in mem'ry's sight,
Like visionary shades in magic light,

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Like the last image of the setting sun
In ether pictur'd, when his course is run.
On these, e'en yet, reflection loves to dream;
Dwells on the past, and courts the rapt'rous theme.
The rapt'rous theme how age will lengthen out,
Chain'd to the elbow-chair with tyrant gout;
Talk of his boyish days, each active feat,
Each well-plann'd mischief, and each truant cheat.
While renovating spirits light his eyes
In momentary youth behold him rise!
Hug the rude grandchild, fling aside the crutch,
And cry, "How flown the days since I was such."
Repos'd beneath the church-yard's shelt'ring yew,
While all the village stretch'd before his view,
Oft have I heard an old loquacious swain
Praise all the past, the present all arraign.
"Yon mansion, nodding now in proud decay,
"I knew, he sigh'd, in its most splendid day.
"There kind reception humble friendship found,
"And festive gladness roar'd the roof around;
"Good-will attracted there the neighb'ring poor,
"While hospitality spread wide the door.
"There those, who went o'erwhelm'd in show'rs of
"grief,
"Saw thro' its clouds the rays of hop'd relief.
"Swift as the mist dissolves before the day
"The sun of bounty chas'd their tears away.

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" A sure retreat there modest merit found,
" And charity alone on falsehood frown'd.
" The feeling master op'd his lib'ral hand,
" And scatter'd plenty round his menial band;
" The busy wife bade sorrow leap with joy;
" Benevolence her art, her sole employ.
" Skill'd in the use of ev'ry herb that grew,
" Disease before her healing mercy flew:
" She sought the hamlets in her daily round;
" The secret cell of silent sorrow found.
" E'en those receiv'd relief who never knew
" To whom the debt of gratitude was due;
" And piety, beyond all hope redress'd,
" The ministry of Providence confess'd.
" Few were the poor; reproof had force of law,
" While coward vice shrunk back from virtue's awe.
" Thus decency prevail'd; the name of friend
" Preserv'd the breast which justice could not mend.
" Ah then! the crowded church, with heartfelt lays,
" Resounded loud the great Creator's praise.
" Ah then! stout industry, of swarthy brow,
" Bad the rich fields with brighter harvest glow.
" Nor ragged sloth, nor hot distemper's rage,
" Child of intemp'rance, hasten'd nerveless age.
" Behold yon straw-wove roof within the glade,
" That clasps the friendly elm-tree's shelt'ring shade!

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" There liv'd my happier sire, and left it mine;
" And there in times degenerate I decline.
" Ah! can I e'er forget the boyish day!
" The soft rememb'rance now retards decay.
" Dear was that home! and dear the mother's smile,
" That sooth'd the school's hard discipline awhile;
" When peeping forth with love-illumin'd face,
" She held her darling in the fond embrace.
" But now the country wears a darker hue!
" And flown, all flown the joys my childhood knew!
" Shrunk by the hazard of the faithless dye,
" The woods, hewn down, in cumb'rous ruin lie.
" No welcom'd voice the vacant dome returns,
" While damp walls round the sullen echo mourns.
" The crumbling piles a frequent master own,
" Who flies reflection, seeks the madd'ning town;
" Flies the calm bliss that sooths the virtuous breast,
" While prisons yawn to catch their spendthrift guest.
" Ah waste, neglected meads! Ah tangling groves,
" Tuneful no more with harmless warblers' loves
" To him who fresh at noon or ev'ning roves.
" Now vice-worn beggars crowd the dreary fields,
" A scanty crop where unwoo'd nature yields.
" O'er the chill grounds, no more by toil array'd,
" Dull pensive sadness casts perpetual shade."

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And I, can I forget the parent's dome;
The dear attachments, and the native home!
How pin'd my restless thought each irksome day,
Torn from the centre of delight away!
E'en then, when riper years first bade me try
The vainer world, and dear experience buy,
How strong th' attracted soul would vibrate there
Where scarce was felt one pang of bitter care!
Sigh for the happy spot where calmly dwelt
Sweet, ever-smiling peace, content heart-felt.
Hail, lovely blooming youth! hail, golden hours!
All hail, unclouded skies, and thornless flowers!
Hail, happy age, when all of life was gay,
And circling pleasures gladden'd ev'ry day!
When wrap'd in downy wings profoundly deep,
The ready lid sunk charm'd in stealthful sleep!
When pure celestial spirits softly shed
Their balms around th' invigorating bed.
Grief o'er th' untouch'd heart then lightly flew,
And tears were volatile as summer's dew.
Health fann'd the gale, with all his rosy train,
And virgin joy, unwedded yet to pain.
Ah then th' unconscious mind ne'er long'd to stray
Beyond the close horizon of the day!
Or if it stray'd, with cheated vision saw
The flatt'ring shapes that hope delights to draw.

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As distant landscapes, melting into air,
The mellow tints of purple softness wear,
So all the future scene to youthful eyes
Will ignorance and fancy harmonize.
Yes! youth can e'er delight; all joy to see
The fleecy innocent in frolic glee.
Sweet is the dove first flutt'ring from her nest,
When silver plumes bespread her trembling breast.
Sweet is the rose bud wrapp'd in mossy green,
When lips of modest crimson peep between.
Fresh on the hills, in dewy fragrance born,
Sweet is the op'ning prime of blue-ey'd morn.
Sweet is the slumb'ring infant on the knee
Of the fond mother, wrapp'd in ecstasy:
Beneath propitious heaven's benignant pow'r!
When golden cherubs watch the sacred hour.
Yet Sorrow's brood infest our early years:
Tyrant Restraint his frowning front uprears;
And Punishment, with scorpion stings that tear
Of flying Dread the bloody shoulders bare;
Denial cold, with petrifying look;
And frosty Disappointment's chilling stroke;
And monkish Discipline in garb uncouth,
That bars the prison doors of frolic youth.
First, learning's harbinger, the vet'ran dame
Is sought; and such I knew of wond'rous fame.

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In elbow-chair she sat, in rigid state,
With pow'r and jealous consequence elate.
Ah! how we urchins shrunk, how trembled round,
If from caprice, or household cares, she frown'd!
How watch'd her eye; how dwelt on ev'ry look;
Of ev'ry scowl, of ev'ry smile partook!
How panting sunk each heart when forth to view
The terror-waking birch she dreadful drew!
Her own importance well she knew to raise;
With awe to chill, or elevate with praise.
How was the penny priz'd when, new and bright,
It met, a proud reward, the exulting sight
Of him who, after toil, and time long spent,
Could con his letters all to her content!
Sacred whate'er she own'd: her antique chair,
Her shining platters, and her linen fair;
The cruel ferule, nay her very nod;
We own'd her justice, and rever'd the rod:
Her tell-tale pigeons honour'd, e'en the cat,
That, often stroak'd, beside her elbow sat.
At church she shone with undiminish'd grace,
And look'd self-conscious round the sacred place.
How proud her boast, that 'twas her happy meed
To hear him preach whom she had taught to read.
Methinks, tho' time hath run a length of years,
E'en yet, the buz of learning fills my ears;

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When stiffly in a row, with hands behind,
The catechism round we sadly whin'd.
Of knowledge as we trace the fountain head,
Though op'ning prospects brighten as we tread;
Rich as the banks, where fam'd Ilyssus roves,
Or fairer Daphne's consecrated groves;
Yet gloomy paths, and fear inspiring shades,
Deter the doubtful foot, that first invades.
What pangs severe depress'd my unfledg'd mind
If but, perchance, the tutor frown'd unkind!
If but his undrest wig, and brow deep knit,
The spruceless coat, the sullen thoughtful fit,
Bespoke the sour'd soul—how shrunk we round,
Half-petrify'd, and swooning, as he frown'd!
How oft, before the break of cheering day,
Lit by the lantern's supplemental ray,
Have I with aching fingers, nipt by frost,
Thro' silent streets the school-house threshold crost,
Rous'd by the sullen clock from the warm bed!
E'en now, its tuneless tongue inspires a dread.
The nightly task my slumbers broke, while fear
Watch'd on the pillow with a shade austere.
Hence, horrid care! ah hence! nor e'er destroy
The simple paradise of youthful joy;
But shed, bright bliss, thy many-colour'd ray
On the sweet op'ning buds of orient day.

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To infant minds the crystal clear expand
Of useful truth, and warn with caution bland.
Yet ah! ye sons of discipline, beware
Ye nip not hope's gay spring with blighting care;
Give youth pure health, and temper mild to gain,
And never cloud with unavailing pain.
O'er bold offence let justice wave her scourge;
Spur creeping sloth, and cold indiff'rence urge.
More emulation fires, let dew-like praise
The rising plant with softer influence raise.
Yet soon dispers'd each momentary fear
When relaxation's fav'ring hour drew near;
Then burst we forth, and with a torrent's bound
Tumultuous rush'd, and leap'd, and madden'd round;
Then frolic, from restriction wildly free,
Climb'd with a squirrel's spring the tow'ring tree;
The lofty barrier leap'd, flew to the race,
Or cleav'd the lucid flood with flectile grace.
Elastic vigour, ever prompt to rise,
Flush'd the bright cheek, and fir'd the sparkling eyes;
Invok'd the sport, the sport for youth assign'd,
That knits the limbs, and clears the stagnant mind.
'Tis nature's law. Behold the kitten made
Expert by frolic in her fraudful trade.
A mimic prey the rolling cork supplies;
In fancy caught, the mouse, in fancy, dies:

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Now grasp'd within the tabby paw, and then
Spurn'd far away, to be pursu'd again.
Behold! the dappled fawn break thro' the shades,
Bound o'er the hill, or skim along the glades.
While the calm flocks sedately feeding stray,
Their nimble young in circling races play;
On trembling limbs they scour, as loth to yield,
Rush down the slope, and sweep the printless field.
Thus too, beneath bright summer's golden eye,
When soft transparence melts the azure sky,
Mocking the ken of sight, the rooks ascend
And teach their young on ebon wing to bend
Their vent'rous course. Behold the dusky flock
Fade o'er the airy mountain's topmost rock;
Athwart, around, they beat th' etherial plain,
While shade and clamour track their less'ning train.

Hence constant peril threats our earliest days,
Treads in each step, and in each pastime plays:
Unheeded lurks in youth's expanding bloom,
Watches his prize, and purveys for the tomb;
Tempts in the limpid flood, all falsely fair;
Hangs on the precipice, or floats in air.
What fav'ring guard protects our heedless hour,
Detects deceit, or checks disaster's pow'r?
The hand unseen, by whose propitious grace
"Their angels e'er behold their father's face."

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These shield from ill the infant's balmy hours,
Sweet as it sleeps on banks of vernal flow'rs;
Shed o'er the hallow'd head celestial rays,
While the charm'd adder inoffensive plays.
Me thought sedate more pleas'd: the shelly shore
To range, and hear the wild wind's solemn roar,
To view the foaming terrors of the storm,
Or cull the weeds, and note each curious form;
Or when the halcyon summer on the deep
Hush'd ev'ry wave in clear, cerulean sleep,
To watch the fish within the waste serene,
Or count the pebbles thro' the crystal stream;
Mid rural meads to wander many a mile,
Or time beside a murm'ring brook beguile;
Or, mid the grove, or pacing slow the mead,
Oft ling'ring at the wood-side stile to read:
Then, tho' unskill'd, the pencil's mimic pow'rs
Trac'd nature's forms, and charm'd the vacant hours;
Then smil'd sweet Poesy, harmonious fair,
Of ardent eye, and wild enraptur'd air;
Sweet Poesy, that solitude can cheer,
And smooth the wrinkled brow of woe severe:
She that in soft delicious dreams the soul
Can wrap, and lead beyond the dark controul
Of a bad world to fancy's Eden, where
Ideal bliss forbids approach of care.

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Ah! sons of folly, never may ye taste
Her visionary joys, who badly waste
Health, ease, and honour, in the guilty maze
Of sordid int'rest, and delusive blaze
Of golden light, that lead your feet astray,
To dark destruction's unsuspected way!
The sons of genuine verse low art disdain,
And soar above the atmosphere of pain.
Soul-conscious freedom theirs; hope ever bright,
Inspiring radiance of celestial light.
Candour, and faithful pride, that ne'er betrays
The nobler mind; the love of virtuous praise
That lifts th' aspiring soul. What heav'nly glow
Feels merit when the good and wise bestow
The meed deserv'd! nor cold reluctant praise
Denies to honest toil the well-earn'd bays!
Ye anxious worldlings! ill can ye conceive
The pure delights the virtuous Muses give.
Yet would not they, indignant though ye smile,
Their innocence exchange for earth-born guile.
A world in miniature is ev'ry school,
Where infant vices infant passions rule.
There little tyrants learn despotic sway,
To make a future trembling race obey.
The boy first taught to cringe, a stripling grown,
Bids lesser wights his iron prowess own.

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Inflated with the lust of darling power,
He hugs the passion to his latest hour.
There, the poor fag, beneath the barb'rous reign,
Dares not a murmur, dares not to complain,
While unrelenting cruelty employs
His tort'ring arts, and innate worth destroys;
Destroys the virtue early care has giv'n,
And spoils the blessed image of fair heav'n.
Ye feeling mothers, who entrust afar
From tender arms your blooming infant care,
Ah! little dream ye what mishaps attend
The mourned absence of their only friend;
What suff'rings they must prove beneath the scowl
Of petty tyrants, and of harsh controul;
Tyrants that ne'er relent, whose ev'ry nod
Obedience claims beyond the master's rod.
Ah! little dream ye what your fav'rites feel,
From practis'd malice, and from breasts of steel.
Ye sager parents, who with care impart
The seeds of noble moral to the heart,
Ah! think what ills attend th' unshielded child,
By young debauch and impious pow'r beguil'd;
How taught by senior wretches, he must learn
To shrink beneath the frown of terror stern;
To turn the ready lie, to laugh at shame,
To screen each error, and to bear all blame;

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To cringe, to fawn, to trespass, and to steal;
To suffer stripes unmov'd, nor truth reveal.
Shall schools such errors teach? And there
Revenge his nursing imps for food prepare?
Shall all the pois'nous breed of horrid strife
The passions light, that prove the bane of life?
Shall cruelty instruct with hellish art,
Deaden all feeling, indurate the heart?
Alas! if tutors' eyes are slow to mark,
The early kindling of each tiny spark
Of error, these to wide excess will reach;
For youth is prompt to learn when striplings teach.
With wounds, when pelted frogs are doom'd to die,
And pointed pins transfix the tortur'd fly,
In vain poor innocence for pity pleads,
More joys the little savage as it bleeds;
Complete in practice, next extends his plan,
And vengeance saturates on fellow man.
Be cruelty far banish'd from the breast
Of youth, and softest sentiments imprest:
Susceptive feelings, and affections kind,
Dawn a fair day, and speak the future mind.
We trace each embro virtue, though unblown;
And in the child confess the man foreknown.
A just fledg'd bird some raptur'd infant gains,
The helpless stranger constant care maintains;

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Taught from her hand to feed, her call to know,
To peck, and perch, and more familiar grow;
The savage cat attacks the cherish'd prey,
How weeps in tender grief her soul away!
Soft woes, with salutary pain, distress;
The callous mind, unblest, knows not to bless.

Affection next, the poor remains to save,
Within the garden digs the hallow'd grave;
Her youthful friends, intent, with earnest care,
And mimic pomp mock fun'ral rites prepare;
Her fav'rite's tomb they raise, and drop the tear,
And plant the fragrant flow'rs to blossom near:
The garden nam'd her own, where strives in vain
The oft transplanted flow'r short strength to gain;
While there, with busy hands and peering face,
Impatience digs the harass'd soil to trace
The roots with fluid drench'd, that daily pin'd;
Kill'd by officious toil, and zeal too kind.

How blest th' illusions of the unform'd mind,
Unstain'd by guilt, to painful knowledge blind!
Do prouder judgment and fastidious skill
Augment our bliss or simple pleasure kill?
Alas! they kill; made critically wise,
Each fascinating form of fancy dies.
Too nice for happiness, we try each art,
To court indiff'rence and to sear the heart;

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How have I gaz'd delighted o'er the stage,
When e'en the stroller stalk'd in tragic rage,
Ere yet experience taught by settled laws,
To judge by skill and give more slow applause.
Yet sober judgment and the candid heart
May draw from all things bliss, to all impart;
Th' instructive scene, when fav'ring Muses lend
Their pow'rful aid, is still to worth the friend;
E'en now, if freedom suffers, or if virtue dies,
The dews of softness dim these melting eyes.
But is the stage for youth a useful school?
It may, where chastity and wisdom rule.
But now, be not the censure deem'd severe,
Indecent jests offend the female ear.
The blushing nymph shall thoughtless fathers bring
To spots with ribaldry that loudly ring?
For when obscenity its poison sheds,
Triumphant vice exults, as folly spreads.
A little poison works much ill, and flows
Down through the stream and murders as it goes.
The scene with fascinating pow'r prevails,
Charms ev'ry mind, and o'er the senses steals:
By easier steps corruption's art succeeds,
When thro' the flow'ry paths of joy it leads.
The scene enchants; th' ambitious boy, how proud,
To rant, and strut, and glitter to the crowd!

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The bursts of loud applause how pleas'd to count!
The skies each little hero seems to mount;
What pains were ours, and what expedients try'd
To shine, and stalk, and fret in scenic pride!
Once in a loft in pomp theatric drest,
Assembled crowds the failing floor deprest;
When Otway's lover plaining on the ground
Lay stretch'd, attention hush'd the house around:
A sudden crash the sinking beams betray;
Confusion rose, loud uproar, and dismay;
All shriek, all fly; all shout, "it falls! it falls!"
In vain, in vain, a buskin'd hero calls,
"Fear not, fear not the floor—pray, ladies, stay,
"I've yet the best of all my lines to play."
Ah! blissful age! Ah! ever-smiling hours!
Your days all budding spring, your grief May show'rs;
Sport on in thoughtless mirth supremely blest,
In innocence, the sunshine of the breast;
For danger's season soon, too soon succeeds,
With riper suns vice spreads her ranker weeds.
Ah! then farewell! the unreproachful hour!
New passions rise with all imperious power;
New hopes then beam and ampler prospects spread,
And million claims bud forth, by passion fed.
Farewell the careless breast, the thoughtless day,
The changeful visions that in fancy play;

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Farewell the genuine joy, the heart-born smile,
And all that childish vacancy beguile:
Approaching manhood comes with look austere,
Ambition proud pursues and care severe;
Ah! now beware, ye heedless gay, beware,
Lest vice enthral you in his subtle snare;
The monster's wily net deceitful spread,
Threats ev'ry step and hovers o'er each head;
And rising passions watchful to destroy,
Like treach'rous insects sting in flow'ry joy.
Guard your young hearts, suspect fallacious smiles,
Shun, shun the tawdry harlot's wanton wiles:
Ah! shun the wretch, betraying, and betray'd,
Whose front is falsehood, and deceit whose trade;
Pollution lurks in all her painted charms,
She hates thee, e'en when folded in her arms;
Health flies her dwelling, dark suspicion low'rs
Her gilded roof around, her fragrant bow'rs.
In Indian climes inviting trees arise,
With fruit o'erhung that tempt unwary eyes;
But smiling poison those, for e'en the dews,
Their leaves distil contagious drops diffuse;
Love, delicately chaste, the wanton flies,
Bears not expansion, without virtue dies.
And e'en from chaster love thy soul refrain;
O shun the premature distracting pain;

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Till prudence points the happy choice, the while,
Propitious friends and fav'ring fortune smile.
Proud luxury forbids that early youth
Should taste the purer joys of wedded truth;
When fruitless passion claims the yielding heart,
Then mental peace, and life's best joys depart;
Despair, grief-fed with unrelenting lour,
Rears his dark form, and chills each joyless hour.
Beware too, youth, of torpid indolence,
That chains like opium ev'ry useful sense;
The creeping cancer that corrodes the whole,
Fair virtue's death, the slumber of the soul.
Cherish each hour, and fix it ere it flies,
And let improvement mark the golden prize.
From sloth time 'scapes, by diligence employ'd,
The fragrant breeze though past, is yet enjoy'd.
As chymists volatiles in glass retain,
Thus ardent studies fleeting moments chain;
Hermetically seal'd, nor more diffuse,
Th' evasive pris'ner lives for constant use.
Intemp'rance fly though smiling joys invite,
Ah shun! determin'd shun! the false delight;
Dash down the tempting cup tho' sparkling high,
For 'tis a purple traitor courts thine eye:
Shun those that seek in low excess to drown
Obtrusive thought, and mis'ry all their own.

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Distrust yourselves; self confidence your foe,
Misleads each step: tread cautious, sober, slow.
Deep in the vale, in doubt the trav'ller bends,
But learns each op'ning scene as he ascends.
When gain'd by toil the hill's commanding brow,
The past, the future prospects spread below:
Thus man his path pursues; in early youth,
The vale of life obstructs the ken of truth.
A gaudy scene next manhood's summit shows,
And ev'ry maze detects, whence error rose;
The future's flatt'ring paths invite to try,
Where promise bursts resplendent on the eye.
Descending age our weary road attends,
Till cheated life in disappointment ends;
Till restless man, content no more to roam,
Meets in the grave a calm, a lasting home.
Youth should be docile, diffident, and meek.
Virtues that favour win and love bespeak;
The forward, pert, fantastic, vain,
Meet no attention, give each hearer pain.
Youth can but little know, and lives to see
That little stock mere empty fallacy:
Without experience and with notions crude,
A thousand falsehoods in the mind obtrude.
Glitt'ring like thin gold-leaf mere surface shew,
To hide the meaner substance just below.

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So badly balanc'd, shall the vessel find
A course direct, the sport of ev'ry wind?
Nor compass found, nor rudder fix'd to guide,
To shun the shoals or stem the stormy tide!
Orgilio once of parts, conceited, proud,
Would thwart, but contradiction ne'er allow'd;
Undaunted spoke of all he heard or saw,
Dealt out opinions with the weight of law.
A rev'rend senior, with sarcastic jest,
His petulance rebuk'd, and cut his crest:
" Go on, young man, decision self displays,
" Such was I once, we all have puppy days;
" Oft have I mark'd a calf in silly pride,
" Butt on the road, and flounce from side to side,
" Till steady grown by age, he then became
" A sober ox, fed harmless, dull, and tame."
Yet dreams have bliss, again, again I try,
Unwilling wak'd, to close th' enraptur'd eye;
But soon the morning visions fleet away,
Reject my suit and shun the riper day:
Yes, once I dreamt that life was not a cheat,
No bosom treach'rous, and no smiles deceit;
That all were pious who to churches went,
All truly blest who seem'd to smile content;
Unhacknied, gen'rous, all the sons of men,
All like my unsuspicious bosom then.

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Oft have I seen, when musing on the shore,
Unskilful infants grasp th' unwieldy oar;
Push the frail bark into the swelling main,
Borne by the rapid tide, pant to regain
The less'ning land, and shrieking weep too late,
The gaping horrors of tempestuous fate.
True picture of our unsuspecting age,
Who long to stretch where fatal billows rage.
'Gainst our own heav'n, like angels we rebel,
And quit the realms where during raptures dwell;
Pant for a wing to range the world around:
The world! how swoons my soul to hear the sound!
The world, where pleasure flies the grasping hand,
And hope builds palaces on shifting sand;
Where treach'ry talks with sweetly melting flow
Of honied words, that turn to gall and woe;
Confed'racies of profit or of vice,
Where friendship only firm as faithless ice,
When potent av'rice casts a golden ray,
Dissolves its brittle mass, and floats away;
Fix'd in the breast, where pride or int'rest thrives,
And love a secondary passion lives;
Where children cherish'd by affection's ray,
Long in the dust the partial sire to lay;
Tho' daily fondness beams the constant smile,
And only wisely keeps its own awhile.

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Here obligation e'en beneath the wing
That hatches it to life will fix a sting;
Here worth is trampled down by mounted pride;
And modesty by av'rice push'd aside;
Such slow discernment guides the stupid crowd,
That impudence for talent is allow'd.
In life's true masquerade fools are so blind,
That half a thin disguise will cheat mankind;
Here ostentation weak expedients tries,
To lead from happiness our wand'ring eyes.
Thou wouldst do good! but be thou pure as snow,
With ev'ry kindness let thy bosom glow;
Detraction's pois'nous breath thy fame shall blot,
Or envy's microscope pry out a spot.
Has then this sickly world no cordial balm?
This storm of passion no delightful calm?
Yes, as the traveller mid dreary wastes,
Here meets a flow'ret, there a fountain tastes;
As stars that aid the gloom of during night,
So scatter'd worth diffuses partial light;
O'er all our ills a self-born radiance sheds,
More bright, like phosphorus, as darkness spreads.
Let potent wisdom smooth the wrinkled brow,
And sweet complacence soften all below;
See in each rising sun new comfort giv'n,
And when it sets behold a nearer heav'n;

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The few rare gems of friendship here improve,
As fading emblems of eternal love.
O'er all your views let piety prevail,
Thy surest guide, when sense or doubt assail;
Cold to it's God, the breast becomes the slave
Of ev'ry passion's rule: for what shall save
The vacant mind, when he can claim no share,
Who fills the earth and glads the fields of air?
Who bids to joy thy bosom beat elate;
Bids pleasure smile, or hope anticipate?
The pow'r o'er all that reigns;—ah! canst thou owe
Such debts, and with no warm sensations glow?
Upon the wings of morn let ardour rise,
And fresh in youthful vigour glad the skies.
Next to thy God thy parent's will obey,
And all their tender offices repay
With duteous love; repay the anxious fears,
The constant pains that watch'd thy tender years;
The thousand nameless marks affection gave
Of will to bless, and vigilance to save.
Base is the soul, devoid of that fine glow
That bliss which grateful feelings e'er bestow.
Hopeless the youth a parent's breast that tears
With foul ingratitude, and scorns grey hairs.
How bright the virtue when the child sustains
The feebleness of age and sooths its pains

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That sadden wasting life's last ev'ning hour;
On such, O heav'n, thy choicer blessings show'r.
Such e'en, perhaps, the clay clad cottage shews,
From vig'rous toil when sorrow finds repose
In filial arms, arms that return the debt
Of life ere its declining lustre set.
O poverty! to thee such virtues giv'n,
Are truest riches sent by bounteous heav'n!
Whose choicer blessings thou must ever prove
In peace below, and endless bliss above.

FINIS.

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SONNET.

TO A THRUSH.

Shrill songster! who the silent air dost fill
With melody most musically sweet!
Thy charming song, responsive warblings greet,
Down in the vale, with emulative trill!
Enchanted Eve, mean time is deeply still,
Nor interruption treads with ruder feet,
To trouble meditation's green retreat;
The winding passage of this woodland hill.
List'ning to thee, I envy not the vain,
Who dance in folly's idle, giddy maze,
Where pride and odious spleen alternate pain;
While midnight torches aid the diamond's blaze.
And surely God has giv'n that sprightly strain
To cheer us both, thro' life's too thorny ways!

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SONNET.

WRITTEN NEAR A RIVER.

Gay tribes! unconscious of the summer's ray,
Within the cool, the fair, translucent tide;
Beneath the shade of pendant trees who glide,
Or glitt'ring sport in more refulgent day;
Still thoughtless, artless, innocent, ye play,
Oft turning bright the crimson spotted side,
Ye little dream what ills your lives betide,
Of guileful man, and fellow tribes, the prey.
Ye little fear the net's entangling snare,
Ye little think the mimic insect's wing,
While wantonly ye sport untouch'd by care,
Of treacherous death conceals the gilded sting.
Thus youth in life's smooth stream is ill aware;
That ev'ry joy may secret anguish bring.

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ELEGY.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN ON REVISITING THE PLACE OF A FORMER RESIDENCE.

Ουκ εισι δομοι· Φρυδα ταδ' ηδη. EURIPIDES.

Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.
HORACE.

WITH ling'ring steps, irresolute and slow,
While struggling passions rend my wounded breast,
Those scenes I seek, where once unknown to woe,
My fondest hopes were crown'd, my cares had rest.

Here once again let recollection trace,
In all the luxury of secret grief,
The interesting features of the place,
And give the swelling passions short relief.

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Now full ten tedious years have roll'd away,
And healing time applies its lenient balm;
Tumultuous grief in reason finds allay,
But settles in a melancholy calm.

Ah! scenes of vanish'd bliss! how swift ye flew!
What tranquil pleasures did ye once bestow!
Scenes that with chang'd sensations I review,
Of poignant pain, of agonizing woe!

Here my Serena's presence cheer'd each day;
Here night no solitary horrors spread;
Here smiling hours flew unperceiv'd away,
With wonder oft increasing how they fled.

Here once I hop'd my latest hours to spend,
Far from the cumbrous pomp of state or pride;
To shun the haughty, with some modest friend,
And spread my door to virtuous mis'ry wide.

Here once I hop'd with fond parental care
To see my offspring's mental blossoms rise;
With my Serena, in the task to share,
And train the blooming infants for the skies.

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Ah! such my hopes! and ah! how soon they fled!
Nor since has bliss my vacant bosom known:
In her mourn'd loss, all sense of joy is dead;
And every bud of hope, nipt, yet unblown.

What transports once th' o'erflowing soul inspir'd,
When near this happy seat of peace I drew!
When of the faithless forms of friendship tir'd,
Th' abode of solid pleasures met my view.

How was I pleas'd to see the smoke ascend,
And curl its blue mist o'er the dark hill's side!
How pleas'd to see yon grove's thick branches bend,
And from the public view my mansion hide.

When the last streaks of slow receding light
The glimmering woodland fading sunk between;
When the pale glow-worm shone serenely bright,
And gradual darkness veil'd the rural scene:

When Nature's softness harmonis'd my mind,
How was I charm'd my pleasing home to seek;
How charm'd congratulating love to find,
With sweetness unaffected, chaste, and meek.

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How pleas'd amidst the dark tempestuous night,
When in the howling storm returning late,
To see my window shed the taper's light,
And hear the watch-dog barking at the gate.

Pleas'd to anticipate with warm desire,
Whilst all around was dreary, cold, and wild,
The circling pleasures of the ev'ning fire,
Where friendship met, and love connubial smil'd.

There oft around our sportive infants play'd,
There oft we smil'd their harmless arts to see;
There oft with fond exchanging looks survey'd
The traits of nature undisguis'd, and free.

Then as I saw each young and budding grace,
"Shall e'er such innocence and truth be lost?"
I cried; (whilst fearful tears bedew'd my face,)
"Shall these on life's tempestuous seas be tost?"

Then would I clasp the infants to my arms,
Nor the warm momentary vow restrain;
O save them gracious Heav'n from future harms!
O save them from the sense of guilty pain!

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But gentle mercy's Parent heard my pray'r,
In that safe way which wisdom deem'd the best;
For Heav'n has made them it's peculiar care,
Snatch'd them from pain and guilt to endless rest.

Farewell ye scenes of literary ease!
Where once I hop'd in softest peace to live;
Robb'd of endearments, now no more ye please;
For what but sad remembrance can ye give?

Yon gay-dress'd garden shar'd our mutual toil;
Each tender nursling plant intent to rear;
How did each grateful produce of the soil
Repay with beauty, and with fragrance cheer!

How oft, where winds the path on yonder hill,
With many a loit'ring step we sought the brow,
As ev'ning purpled o'er the landscape still,
Enraptur'd gazing on th' expanse below!

The varied objects fix'd th' admiring sight;
The catching lights, that tipt the brown broad shades;
The wide-extending waters blushing bright;
The far retiring vales, the swelling glades.

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Ascending as we saw new objects rise,
From nature then to moralizing led;
" Thus flattery cheats (we said) weak reason's eye,
" And bliss retreating shuns us as we tread.

" But blest is he no vagrant wish who knows;
" And vain and fruitless are the sons of care;"
Then as we turn'd to where our mansion rose,
A smile exchang'd, bespoke, " sure bliss is there!"

As now increasing darkness falls around,
And pitying night distills its weeping dew,
Beneath this gothic pile, these shades profound,
Let sadness bid their lov'd remains adieu.

O silent spot, which now contain'st my all!
Long may thy unmolested verdure grow!
Low mourning on thy yielding turf I fall,
And bid my unrestrained sorrows flow.

O my Serena, once so soft, so fair,
Let this last tribute to thy shade be paid!
Hear thou these sighs,—if thou perchance can'st hear,
Ere yet my dust with thine in peace be laid!

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Through changeful life thy image never fades,
Nor lessens in reflection's faithful eye;
On thee I dwell in solitary shades,
Nor lose thee when to crowded scenes I fly.

If in the nightly splendour of the ball
I move, where rival fair ones proudly vie,
I trace thy well known beauties in them all,
And sadly seek some solitude to sigh.

If into foreign climes distract I roam,
And novelty from varied objects try,
My busy thoughts reseek their wonted home,
And sicken at the vain variety.

If on the cloud-capt Alpine summit tread,
Where winds the passage on the mountain's brow,
Where savage nature's awful deserts spread,
And roaring cataracts dreadful dash below:

These solemn scenes, congenial to my mind,
With awful wildness wake my wilder woe.
Anguish alike from light or shade I find;
And every object pains where'er I go.

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When music breathes in dying plaintive sounds,
That sweetly melting steal the raptur'd soul;
Respondent feelings give the deepest wounds;
My sighs revibrate, and refuse controul.

Be still—nor thou, O impious man, repine!
Can a fleet life afford eternal peace?
Though great my woe, severer woes than mine
Pant for the day when all complaint shall cease.

Misfortune finds relief in reason's aid,
And kind religion shews a better world;
The wretch alone, by willing vice betray'd,
Sinks down the headlong steep of mis'ry hurl'd.

Though that fine form entomb'd and faded lies,
Her bright example still remains in view;
My guardian angel now she gilds the skies,
And guides the path she taught me to pursue.

And when we meet in endless joys above,
How shall my ardent soul with rapture glow,
With her who sooth'd my mortal hours with love,
And taught me all the bliss of heav'n to know.

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ELEGY.

THE PENITENT.

Nulla reparabilis arte
Læsa pudicitia est. OVID.

Ergo ego nec lachrymas matris moritura videbo;
Nec, mea, qui digitis lumina condat, erit.
Spiritus infelix peregrinas ibit in auras;
Nec positos artus unguet amica manus. IBID.

YE giddy train! who bask in thoughtless ease,
Of vanity indulge each idle dream;
Who dissipate life's too uncertain days,
Or gaily float down pleasure's gliding stream:

Look on this hard, this wretched bed of straw,
Where wedded long to misery I lie!
Let wisdom hence the happy moral draw,
While gen'rous pity dews the virtuous eye.

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No curtain screens my limbs from bitter cold,
No pillow soft sustains my fainting head;
The hourly clock by pain is sadly told;
Neglect already counts me with the dead.

Sharp is the biting of the winter air
Thro' every cranny of the half-clos'd door;
No med'cines are supplied by tender care;
No friendly foot e'er treads this rugged floor.

The rushlight casts a glimm'ring horror round
On darkness lone, disconsolate and waste;
And fix'd despair, that grins with lour profound,
While life's brief taper sinks with fatal haste.

Death stands behind, and aims the ling'ring blow,
And what kind hand these lifeless eyes shall close?
What tears upon my tombless grave shall flow?
All breasts, alas! are female frailty's foes!

Ah, lost to finer sense! ah, cruel race!
The blooming sweets of innocence who spoil!
Repay love's easy faith with vile disgrace,
And leave the wretched fair to worse than toil.

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Far down she sinks in mis'ry's dismal vale;
For her no mercy drops the pitying tear;
Unfeeling scorn disdains her moving tale,
And proud affected virtue will not hear.

See the lost victim of a guilty flame,
Spurn'd by her sex, and turn'd from every door!
Once erring forc'd to tread the paths of shame,
Nor e'er allow'd the ways of honour more.

Behold this form which guilty passion fed!
How shrunk this cheek! what famine in these eyes!
Ah see! upon this rugged flinty bed,
And virtue learn as ruin'd beauty dies.

Yet this shrunk form a parent's care sustain'd,
Enjoy'd a mother's love the livelong day;
For me a fond paternal breast was pain'd,
With pangs that virtue could alone repay.

How was the morning pray'r for me preferr'd?
How fervent nightly blessings ask'd of heav'n?
Each wish prevented, and no will deferr'd,
And much by warm spontaneous bounty giv'n!

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How wrung each pain of mine the tender heart!
Each smile of mine to them, how doubly sweet!
No treasure could such lively joy impart!
No music like my voice their senses greet!

My lover too—if he deserv'd that name,
How would he fondly praise! how would he swear
"The sun was never purer than his flame;
"My eyes than dawning morn were far more fair!"

How would he say, the rose no charm display'd
But in the likeness of my damask cheek;
The lily only fair, because array'd
Like me in purity and beauties meek.

Fool that I was, to lend the willing ear,
And think, because my soul was void of guile,
His love was true, his ardent vows sincere,
Too fair is art, when dress'd in Love's sweet smile!

Blest friends, to you these groans can ne'er attain,
Within the quiet, cold, and senseless grave!
Had I ne'er caus'd your tender bosoms pain,
Your shelter might this head from suff'ring save.

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But if affliction sharp can e'er atone
One fatal error, one mistaken crime;
Some heart may pity when this breath is gone,
And sweet forgiveness smile from heav'n sublime.

Oft shiv'ring in th' inhospitable street,
The pangs of cold and hunger have I known;
From pamper'd pride no pity could I meet,
Which never feels for suff'rings not its own.

How have I envied e'en the brutal race,
Beneath a shelter warm, who cherish'd lay!
Envied the dog that in a master's face
Saw answ'ring smiles his fondling tricks repay.

Forlorn, rejected, I receiv'd no smile;
No friendly eye, alas! e'er beam'd on me;
No chaste caresses did my cares beguile,
For virtuous friendship shuns impurity.

But, hark—what distant murmurs reach my ear?
"From Heav'n's strict book thy sins are blotted all."
Death strikes—but, mid the gloomy realms of fear,
A ray of mercy shoots to guide my soul.

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TO EVENING.

Aspice aratra jugo referunt suspensa juvenci;
Et sol crescentes decedens duplicat umbras. VIRG.

PEACE-breathing Ev'ning! studious pow'r!
Oft let me court thy shadowy hour!
Note thee o'er daisied meadows tread
With pensive step; or on the bed
Of violets blue or cowslips gay,
Taking thy slowly ling'ring way,
While not a blade of tend'rest green,
On dusky hills or vales between,
E'er shrinks beneath thy printless feet.
While soft thy blush! thy breathing sweet!
While sleepy flow'rs that ask repose,
All haste their painted lids to close.
In ev'ry eye a lucid tear,
Gay fairy-jewels, sparkles clear;
The twinkling tears of parting day,
That slow o'er mountains steal away,
Tears bright as shed by virgins fair
When lovers part, oppress'd by care,

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When oft they turn and bid adieu,
And sigh their length'ning steps to view;
List'ning meantime thy shades among,
Thou hear'st the speckled throstle's song,
Or teachest mists their light blue way,
Along the winding vales that stray;
Or stretchest mountains length'ning shades,
In shadowy depth across the glades,
While pipes the shepherd on the brow,
And casts a giant's length below.
Within thy thin transparence veil'd,
Each object glimmers half-conceal'd.
The purple hill, the village tow'r,
Wrapt in the sun-beams seeming show'r.
The far off town, the river bright,
That winds a vein of golden light;
Where soft in airy colours gay
The liquid landscape melts away.
And so behind her veil of gauze
Young blooming beauty softly awes.
  Now silence hushing all the air,
Makes ev'ry distant sound more clear.
The whistling blackbird's louder trill,
The woodman's stroke, the infant rill
That rushes down the shady dell,
The fleecy wand'rers tinkling bell,

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The torrent hoar with foaming flow,
Whence mist-clad coolness rises slow;
While bleating groups the vallies fill,
And whiten o'er the steepy hill.
Behold the sun from clouds of grey
Now sudden bursts a glorious ray,
That gilds the trees, the mountain's head,
The flocks, on thymy fragrance fed.
While at his window's fiery blaze
The peasant starts with frighted gaze;
And childish fancy pictur'd sees
The cloudy landscape's amber trees.

How rich those beams in vivid light!
In pure unrivall'd tints how bright!
The sun ere yet he sinks to rest,
In crimson chambers of the west,
Lists to the music of the air;
The warbled voice of nature's pray'r!
Smiles at the grateful symphony,
And smiles, fair Nymph! with love on thee:
Those splendid courts mean time within,
The festive hours the dance begin:
Rejoic'd his fiery course is run;
Rejoic'd their daily task is done.

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At this still hour mid purer skies,
Where rocks, primæval worlds arise,
The Hermit chants his vespers rude
To desert-loving Solitude.
Conceives within that ruby light,
The heavens fair op'ning to his sight;
Hears on each craggy cliff around,
Or seems to hear—sweet harpings sound.

Now scarce the air a breath can feel;
Abroad no vagrant breezes steal;
And not a leaf is seen to shake;
And not a dimple curls the lake;
Save if there spread a trembling ring
From leaping fish or swallow's wing.
And nature smiles reflected fair,
To trace her beauteous image there.
The mill, the gothic spire descend,
And in the glassy mirror bend,
Trees that around depending grow,
All meet the answ'ring skies below.
And now the Painter loves to stray,
Or Poet lose his musing way;
Ideal shapes as Fancy takes,
While fixing every form he makes.

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His own the momentary scene
In thought's immortal colouring green.
To him congenial 'tis to trace
The genuine features of each place;
To mark how rich in golden streaks
The sun behind the woodland breaks;
The cottage smoke, the antique seat,
Where clouds of homeward rooks retreat;
To see the woodman on his road
For ev'ning fuel bring his load;
The constant dog, that runs behind,
The faithful friend of human kind;
The burthen'd ass condemn'd to bear,
Oppressive toil, for scanty fare;
The milkmaid eye with female pride,
The rustic lover by her side;
The whistling boy with fragrant kine,
The wild-flow'r wreath intent to twine.
Or waggon's team with bells that cheer,
A pleasing charm to labour's ear.
He loves in some sequester'd spot
To find remote the wood-side cot,
Where blooming, full of ruddy health,
The peeping children look by stealth.
To him too, sweet the smallest grace
Of nature's ever charming face.

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The moss that with its various dyes
The stone or bark of tree supplies.
The harebell's purple carpet spread,
Where groves o'er-canopy his head.
The close lane's chequer'd sunny gleam,
The gnats quick glancing in the beam;
The simple flow'rs that deck the hedge,
The riv'let crown'd with nodding sedge.
The sporting insects in the stream,
Emblem of life's erroneous dream,
That play impressive o'er the tide,
But leave no trace, as swift they glide.
Nor does he willing quit the plains,
While yet a ling'ring ray remains,
Till twilight with her stilling pow'r
Holds in suspence the doubtful hour.
Meantime the erring beetle's flight
All sudden strikes the trav'ller's sight.
Then next the rising moon he views
Cast frost-like rays upon the dews;
Pleas'd mid the ruins' crumbling wall
To muse of superstition's fall;
And from the ivy as he strays,
The predatory owl to raise.
While all athwart the gloom it seems
Ideal shapes fill lucid beams.

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These in th' instructive lay combin'd
Supply with food the pregnant mind;
To sentiment give moral birth,
Virtue to aid, or chasten mirth.

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THE

NATURAL CHILD.

CHILDREN of Plenty, who the cheering rays
Of lib'ral Fortune's golden sunshine share,
While love parental crowns your cloudless days,
Meets ev'ry wish, prevents each rising care;

Ah! do not spurn misfortune's outcast child,
Who knows no shelter, finds no friendly door;
A snow-drop, shatter'd in the dreary wild,
Nipt by the storm, with rain besprinkled o'er.

On me no father bends his partial eyes,
No mother in her fost'ring arms protects;
My daily wants no tenderness supplies,
My doubtful steps no precept now directs.

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Can they deserve the parent's honour'd name,
Untrue to nature, and than brute less kind,
Who dare to riot in a guilty flame,
Nor own the feelings of parental mind?

Beat not e'en savage breasts with pious love,
Do those forget a parent's tender care?
E'en brutal instinct soft affections prove;
The sweet sensations even reptiles share.

Yet polish'd life, unblushing, dares disown
The first, the dearest feelings of the soul;
Falsely refin'd, and boldly shameless grown,
Spurns at all law, defies all soft controul.

Condemn'd to pine, forsook by fickle love,
Of sacred honour stripp'd, of conscious pride;
Condemn'd Ingratitude's sharp stings to prove,
Of broken heart, alas! my mother died.

In vain, 'tis said, I stretch'd my infant arms,
That ask'd to meet her fond, her warm embrace;
In vain the dawning blush of orient charms
Sat smiling in the roses of my face.

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Ah! touch'd by death, beneath his icy pow'r,
No answ'ring smiles, no look, could she repay;
In vain I smil'd, or shed the copious show'r,
And clasp'd, ah vainly clasp'd, the lifeless clay.

On the wide world cast forth, forlorn, unknown,
No friendship bleeds, no kindred breast, for me;
No ties of dear relationship I own;
The wand'ring child of casual charity.

Canst thou, who gav'st me birth, canst thou maintain,
In ostentatious pomp, yon menial crowd?
O! could the refuse of that wanton train
To feed these famish'd lips but be allow'd!

There, proudly tow'ring o'er the subject land,
By costly art bedeck'd, and lavish taste,
Behold my father's sumptuous mansion stand,
The seat of riot, and licentious waste.

In golden goblets laughs the luscious wine,
High viands sick'ning taste, for e'er invite;
On silken beds their lux'ry sinks supine,
And wantonness and cost their pow'rs unite.

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Each faithless friend the ready gate receives,
The cup of water cold where I implore;
My famish'd appetite no scrap relieves,
To me and want alone is clos'd the door.

Could I but lay this poor dejected head
Where e'en the fav'rite brute may shelter'd feed;
Could I but find the straw, my humble bed,
Half as the hound belov'd, or pamper'd steed.

Yet he, with raptur'd eye, can fondly view
The offspring branch of wedded Avarice;
And is to me, alas! no pity due?
Thus, guiltless, must I pay the tax of vice?

Has bounteous Nature been to me less kind?
Less nicely bade my forming features grow?
With true affections less supplied my mind?
What stain has God affix'd upon this brow?

No little bird that shelters in a tree,
No beast that to the secret covert hies,
But clearly proves kind Heav'n's vast charity,
And bids me hope for Mercy's large supplies.

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'Tis said, this face is cast in equal mould
Where of the heart the pure sensations play;
For oft, too oft, of beauty am I told,
By those who wish that beauty to betray.

Hear then, ye sons of Pleasure! hear my tale,
Who gaily wanton in variety;
And think, like me, how, pierc'd by every gale
Your offspring asks the mite of charity.

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TO THE

SNOW-DROP.

CHILD of the wintry hour! ah doom'd to trust
Thy tender beauties to inclement skies!
First off'ring of the year,
And harbinger of spring!

Cradled in friendly greens, how pensive droops
Thy nodding head! while in thy bashful eye,
As mournful of thy fate,
Hangs sad a pearly tear.

Companion of adversity! like thee,
To dangers rough consign'd, the new dropt lamb,
With unstain'd fleece, and soft,
Presses thy verdant bank.

Digitized by Google

Alas! in this bad world, nor Innocence
Secures from biting Slander's poisonous tooth,
Nor Gentleness itself,
Her virgin sister meek.

The temper mild, that knows not how to frown,
Nor of harsh rule the sceptre how to wield,
Is form'd to sink before
The boist'rous passions rage.

Alas! like thee, poor injur'd Flavia bloom'd,
The sweetest bud of unsuspicious youth!
Like thee, all purity,
Like thee, to storms consign'd.

But ah! she felt the rude unpitying breath
Of Malice, keener than the wintry winds;
And sunk beneath the blast
That never, never spares.

Poor early victim of its pow'r, she sunk
Pitied, believ'd, lamented when too late;
Chill'd by the icy touch
And early foot of death.

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Oft as thy chaste, thy unassuming face
Shall deck the morning of the nascent year,
This wounded breast shall heave
With pangs of cureless grief:

When painful Mem'ry tells how soon she fell,
And helpless pass'd, like thee, fair spotless flow'r!
Her little life forlorn,
Amid the wilds of fate.

Digitized by Google

TO THE

EVENING STAR.

Bright eye of pensive Eve, resplendent orb,
That o'er the misty mountains shinest clear,
Like a rich glittering gem
Upon an Æthiop's brow.

Thy lamp serene my now benighted steps
Directs to that blest spot where dwells my fair;
Twin rivals, who can boast
More pure, more bright than thee.

For not thy lovely light, that kindly cheers
The sullen frown of unpropitious Night,
Is half so sweet as Truth
That beams in Beauty's eyes.

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Not all the little waking elves, that rise
From out their rosy bow'rs of velvet buds,
Where they had slept the day,
To dance thy rays beneath,

Feel such delight as does this breast, when thou
With radiant lustre shew'st the happy hour
That leads from scenes of care
To still domestic bliss.

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TO

INNOCENCE.

DAUGHTER of Heav'n! fair lovely child!
Of manners pure, of temper mild!
Where art thou pleas'd to stray?
O quit thy lov'd, and still retreat!
Thy quiet, and sequester'd seat;
And guide my dubious way!

Come, with thy beauteous smiling train!
Undaunted Truth, who knows no stain!
Pure native of the sky!
With downcast eye, and timid air,
Suspicious of herself, the fair
Soft blushing Chastity!

O deign, with me, and Peace, to dwell!
My frugal board, my humble cell,
Bless with thy cheering smiles!
Pale Fear shall fly, and anxious Care:
And treach'rous Vice in vain prepare
Her captivating wiles.

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My lowly roof shall ne'er resound
With riots loud, and vulgar sound,
And mad intemperate Joy.
My days shall know no bitter woes;
My nights be crown'd with soft repose;
Thy dreams my hours employ.

Peace shall her downy wings extend
My humble cottage to defend,
And scatter blessings rare.
Eternal greens shall clothe the ground;
Eternal sweets shall breathe around;
And lasting spring be there.

Each morn shall then with artless note
The red-breast swell its little throat,
Perch'd on the straw-built shed:
And oft, to purer bosoms dear,
With hospitable faith draw near,
And peck the scatter'd bread.

Say, in what lone and silent vale
Thou hear'st the wood-dove's plaintive tale,
From crowded cities far!
Where Riot keeps no splendid court,
Where Pride and Av'rice ne'er resort,
The guilty fiends of War.

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Or dost thou love in pairs to bind,
With flow'ry wreath, the fleecy kind,
Or nurse them in thine arms?
Or else in harmless play enfold
The spiral serpent scal'd in gold,
Innoxious by thy charms?

Or on the morning's violet bed,
O lamb of peace! lean'st thou thy head,
To catch the luscious gale?
Or when the summer heats disclose
The jasmine fair, the budding rose,
And lily of the vale?

Or dost thou seek the hoary sage,
Within his moss-grown hermitage,
Where simple nature reigns?
For whom no slaughter'd victims bleed;
Whose drink the spring, whose couch the reed;
Whom hope resign'd sustains?

With thee thro' varied life I'll go;
Nor pain, nor fear, can ever know,
Though Danger stalks in view:
Though livid lightnings shoot around;
Or awful thunder shakes the ground;
A steady path pursue.

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Stern Justice rob'd in dread array
Unmov'd I'll view without dismay,
With fix'd unalter'd face.
Though accusation quick o'erspread
My glowing cheeks with modest red,
Resenting virtue's grace.

And if the wilderness I tread,
And solemn shades around me spread,
Oh be thou ever nigh!
Thy presence shall dispel the gloom,
The heath shall blush with sudden bloom,
And brightness beam from high!

And when this pulse shall cease to beat,
This bosom lose its vital heat,
And wearied nature die;
Guided by thee to realms above,
My soul enlarg'd shall freely move,
And reach thy native sky.

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TO THE

ROSE.

Ρόδον, ὦ φεριστον ανθος·
Ρόδον, ειαρος μελγμα. ANACREON.

REFULGENT Summer's loveliest child!
Nurs'd by warm hours and seasons mild!
The purest spirit of the dew
Steals o'er thy face of lovely hue;
And there enrich'd, and blushing bright,
Forms trickling gems of purple light;
Like tears upon my Mira's cheek,
When pity wounds her bosom meek:
To whom is kindred every woe!
Oft have I seen for me too flow
Far brighter, dearer drops than thine,
How bless'd then I, who call her mine!
The softest children of the morn,
Young gales, in early beams new born,

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Light waving the transparent wing,
To thee the ether's treasures bring.
The genial gift thy lips repay,
And make more sweet their fragrant way;
Each kiss return'd, with health imbued,
Warm as the soul of gratitude.
Is it for us thy charms are spread?
For us alone such incense shed?
To please the mortal sons of care?
Or for some spirits of the air?
Invisible as scent or sound,
Yet filling all the air around;
Floating on beams of golden day,
Or on the pale moon's chaster ray:
Alike thy bloom outspreads to light,
Or to the sable-suited night.
Too sweet alone for casual taste!
To blush unknown, or vainly waste!
Chaste flow'r! why do we prize thee more
Than all the sweets of nature's store?
Than gaudier forms of splendid glow,
Which in the burning tropic blow?
O emblem fair of chastity!
It is thy seeming purity
Which no impurer breath can bear,
No rude assault of wanton air.

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It is that unaffected grace
That blooms in thine and Mira's face.
But in those colours, doom'd to fade,
A painful moral may be read:
Too soon the fairest forms decay;
Too soon will rapture haste away.
But list!—some whispers meet my ear,
'Tis surely wisdom's voice I hear!
" For fleeting pleasures cease to grieve,
" True purity shall ever live.
" The rose, the rose, alone must die,
" Thy Mira blossom in the sky."

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ELEGY.

WRITTEN AT A VILLAGE FUNERAL.

Pallida mors æquò pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres. HORACE.

HAIL, peaceful Village! whose embow'ring shades
Thy sacred temple's deep retirement bound!
Which Ev'ning's golden lustre scarce pervades,
While meek Religion hallows all around!

While slowly-solemn swells the measur'd bell
Let meditation claim the pensive hour;
Those lengthen'd tolls the instructive story tell
Of Death, and some poor victim of its pow'r.

Alike the fate of poverty or pride;
Alike the humble and the mighty fall:
Vapours alike in vanity allied;
A little life, a little grave, their all!

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What then avails to climb Ambition's steep,
Or through the glitt'ring paths of pomp to tread,
If Fortune give what Death forbids to keep,
And lend no shield to guard the favour'd head?

Though poor the victim who to peace descends
Within these silent chambers of the dead;
Some friend, perhaps, his lowly rites attends,
Who through long sickness smooth'd his thorny bed:

The flatt'ring med'cine, who with care supplied;
Watch'd ev'ry wish, and sigh'd to ev'ry sigh;
Check'd the slow ebb of life's departing tide;
And clos'd the curtains of the sightless eye.

Mourn grandeur, mourn! and weep, ye vain, ye proud!
Your train though Adulation's smiles attend!
One heart sincere joins not the sordid crowd,
While poverty can never doubt a friend!

How void success! how poorly form'd to please!
Let Diocletian's proof or Cromwell's tell!
Or disappointed Charles, who sought for ease,
At last, within a coffin and a cell!

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Ambition falls, and millions hail the day,
While Mercy weeps for millions madly slain.
From dying tyrants Flatt'ry turns away;
No pity softens Grandeur's splendid pain.

Not all the pomp funereal rites supply,
Where cost exults in mockery of woe,
Can e'er procure one pure, one unbought sigh;
One genuine tender tear of heart-felt flow.

In vain rich sculpture shapes the marble urn,
Or breathes in living stone with mimic art,
For whom no sympathetic bosoms mourn;
No honest anguish rends the tender heart.

True friendship's sighs, benevolence sincere,
Our pangs may soften, though they cannot save;
Cheer'd is the dying by each kindred tear,
And faithful drops bedew the poor man's grave.

And shall the barren air absorb the sigh,
Forbad to reach the once departed ear?
Ne'er round their tombs do hov'ring spirits fly?
Shall death the voice of friendship never bear?

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May not each tender pledge be mark'd above;
The love that lives when worldly interests end?
May not the fond remembrance spirits move,
And aid in heav'n the raptures of a friend?

Warm with the poor a Father's fondness lives:
And filial tenderness is found more true,
That aid to silver age spontaneous gives,
While interest keeps no parent's death in view.*

Behold the mother fond! howe'er oppress'd
By want, or toil, and every pang of pain,
With ardour press her infant to her breast,
And joy in rapture's most exalted strain.

Lo! how she weeps, and raves with mad despair,
To see within the grave her darling laid!
Affection lives true nature's legal heir,
Though with no titles deck'd, no pomp array'd.

Nor friendship's pow'rs alone their sorrows heal;
Love too is theirs, best gift that Heaven bestows!
The mutual flame which artless looks reveal,
Unspoil'd by avarice more ardent glows.

* Filius ante diem patrios inquirit in annos. OVID.

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Love uncorrupt, that gold can ill attain,
Freedom's firstborn by truth immortal made,
Delights with true simplicity to reign,
Or in the moss-grown cot, or myrtle shade.

Pale Sickness flies, nor harms the lowly shed,
When chas'd by Labour from its humble door:
Sleep, scorning greatness, shuns the downy bed,
And gently dews the eye-lids of the poor.

For them fair Nature blooms as rich, as gay,
And Morning scatters fragrance round as sweet;
The sun smiles on their roof with early day,
And them the larks with native musick greet.

While Faith explores the realms of future joy
Their transient pains Religion's pow'rs controul:
Their humble hopes no sceptic doubts destroy,
Or leave a dull void in the aspiring soul.

" Rejoice, ye mean!—It is your Saviour's voice!
" I for the bruised soul have joys in store;
" Be glad, ye meek, and ye that mourn, rejoice!
" I come to preach my gospel to the poor."

Digitized by Google

Oft as returning sabbaths claim the day,
Let meek and pure devotion here repair;
God looks on all, who grateful tributes pay;
On all, with equal eye and equal care.

Then holy reverence awes this sacred place,
The tuneful bells that sound in solemn chime,
And piety array'd in decent grace,
Melt all the soul, all earthly thoughts sublime.

Here ardent prayer ascends, by Faith preferr'd,
And leaves the noisy, anxious world below;
Here from the preacher's lips the threat is heard,
Or words of mercy sweetly-soothing flow:

Here penitence rejoic'd wipes tears away,
And stricken conscience trembling guilt awakes;
On raptur'd Faith here future visions play,
And sin reclaim'd, the paths of guilt forsakes.

But soft,—the moon diffuses peaceful light,
And o'er the waves her trembling lustre plays;
Dim objects gleam through visionary night,
And stillness ev'ry wand'ring step betrays.

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The social cottage shoots a lengthen'd ray,
The neighb'ring woods the night-bird's clamours fill;
Rock'd are the sleepy songsters on the spray;
And louder brawls the stream that turns the mill.

Hence let me seek the sweets of soft repose,
Till the next dawn spread gladness through the skies.
Peace crown the night, which last these eyes shall close,
And bliss the morn, when from the tomb I rise.

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THE

CRUCIFIXION

OF THE

MESSIAH.

..... Paulo majora canamus;
Non omnes arbusta juvant, humilesque myricæ. VIRGIL.

Is any sorrow like unto my sorrow? JEREMIAH.

WHAT means that female troop, that mournful crowd,
Who sigh so frequent, and lament so loud?
Who beat their breasts, and rend their flowing hair,
And fill with echoing groans the troubled air?
Behold the slow, the melancholy train,
Who weeping wail their Saviour's toilsome pain,
As to the mount he bears his cross along,
Forc'd and insulted by the faithless throng:
While impious Sin the load sits pressing down,
And horrid Death the victim deems his own.

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And now he hears the lamentable sound!
The Saviour beams celestial looks around!
" Weep not for me." Ye mournful women hear!
" But for yourselves, your children, drop the tear!
" The patient sufferer speaks! your children's woes,
" Which soon, too soon, shall hast'ning years disclose!
" When hostile troops (your city compass'd round)
" With native blood shall stain your holy ground,
" And the rack'd parent see her child new-born
" From fond affection's nursing bosom torn.
" Dash'd on the stone the quiv'ring babe shall die
" While Angels meet its spirit mid the sky.
" Some by maternal hands shall find a grave,
" And fury feed upon the life it gave.
" Mourn for yourselves, no more for me complain!
" For me shall mortal pity bleed in vain!
" Content my heav'nly Father's will I knew,
" And came on earth, content that will to do."

Behold that scene of death and agony!
Is that the Saviour bleeding on the tree?
His tortur'd limbs, the nails extending pain,
And bloody streams, in woeful course, distain.
O spare, ye impious! him, who rais'd the dead!
O save the pow'r which fainting thousands fed!

Digitized by Google

And can you mock his thirst with nauseous gall,
Who sheds the precious streams of life for all?
See! as ye pierce his sacred bleeding side,
How mourning nature weeps a copious tide!
Ah, see he faints! he bows his holy head!
The Lord of life is number'd with the dead!

Now mourn, oh earth! ye heavens, dissolve in tears!
Creation groans aloud! all nature hears!
The sun turns red as blood, and hides his light,
And, wrapt in clouds, and blushing, shrinks from sight;
The atrocious acts of men in darkness veils,
Their guilt at once and all his shame conceals.
Nor will the moon her feebler light supply,
But e'en the stars refuse to gild the sky.
Convulsive earthquakes shake from pole to pole,
And ope their deathful caverns as they roll.
The temple's veil is rent, to close no more,
And bursting rocks resound with hollow roar.
Its pris'ners now no more the grave can bind,
E'en in the hallow'd tomb no rest they find;
For waking ghosts arous'd with wild affright,
Glide through the depths of temporary night:
The fires of hell a brighter blaze assume,
And tenfold burnings light its thick-ribb'd gloom.

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And is no friend, no true disciple, near,
From the dread scene the sacred corpse to bear?
To see the last kind debt of friendship paid,
And in the tomb the wreck of insult laid?
Where are the twelve? one, only one, remains,
One only friend to sooth a mother's pains.
Where are the souls once loos'd from death's close bands,
Will ye not snatch his corpse from impious hands?
Will ye not place his body in the tomb,
Who call'd you back in spite of nature's doom?
Ye tongues, to torpid silence once consign'd,
Forbad to tell the movements of the mind,
" O spare his last remains, ye wicked," say!
For him who taught you how to pray, now pray.
And you, ye deaf, upon whose ravish'd ear
He pour'd the strains of charming converse, hear!
One rich, one pious man at length I see,
Who takes the lifeless body from the tree.
Sepulchral rites his pious hand prepares,
And with great cost discharges holy cares.
In mercy's acts are riches well employ'd,
And by the good, so us'd, are best enjoy'd!

Behold that face, in death benign and meek,
Which to the smiters turn'd its patient cheek;

Digitized by Google

Nor ever look'd with one indignant frown,
When vile derision plac'd the thorny crown,
And with harsh blows the goring points beat down.
That liberal hand, now clos'd, shall ope no more,
Nor rais'd in prayer, nor stretch'd to feed the poor!
That tongue no more its blest instruction give,
Recall flown life, or bid the dying live!
Those eyes, how dark, which beam'd celestial rays,
Inviting sin to turn from error's ways!
While penitence, ere it could form its prayer,
Look'd up, and read forgiveness speaking there.
But short, O Death! shall this thy victory be,
The Son of God, Almighty God shall free!
Soon shall he quit thy dark, thy transient reign,
And rise triumphant from the grave again;
Seek in his Father's seat a blest abode,
And in the rest he purchas'd live with God!
Then for thy captives lost, thou, Death, shalt mourn,
And grieve that thou alike must die in turn!
That cross, which now is view'd with abject scorn,
In future triumphs shall be proudly borne.
To this shall nobles bend, and princes kneel,
All passion curb, and all diseases heal;
The proud shall look, and then be proud no more,
And humbly join in worship with the poor.
Thy reign, O Great Messiah! shall be peace!
Fury shall sleep, slow-wasting sorrow cease!

Digitized by Google

The world, no more by passion's rage distrest,
Shall feel external ease, and mental rest.
The soul shall to an higher rapture move,
And change all human into heav'nly love.
To thee shall floods of mighty nations flow,
And to thy heav'nly Father's worship bow:
Exalt his praise, invoke his holy name,
With fairer truth, and with a purer flame;
Long, as his pow'r shall light the solar ray,
Or teach the moon to emulate the day.
And when the sun itself, great fount of light,
Shall quench its failing fires in endless night;
When all the matter of this solid sphere,
Where order, grace, and harmony appear,
Shall to an atom shrink, or melt away,
Its beauty vanish, and its force decay;
Messiah's glorious reign shall still improve,
And all be goodness, all be bliss and love.

Digitized by Google

ON LIFE.

Monstro quod tibi possis dare; semita certè
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ. JUVENAL.

On fleeting minutes swift our pleasures fly;
The gay ethereal forms by fancy made,
Like clouds deceptive in the evening sky,
Each moment change, and ere distinguish'd fade.

Behind the steps of youth dark sorrow treads;
Pale sickness nips the rosebuds ere they bloom;
Frost-chill'd the blossoms hang their pensive heads;
For with'ring beauty gapes the early tomb.

The raptur'd breast elate with hope, and gay,
Shrinks at the chill, the melancholy pow'r;
Lost to the pleasures of the cheerful day,
In pain it pines, and wastes the ling'ring hour.

Digitized by Google

If man in friendship's bosom sigh to ease
His weight of woe, and find in friendship rest;
Awhile the gay, the flattering visions please,
But soon he mourns by shades of doubt oppress'd.

Thus cheated in the tropics glaring light,
The incautious trav'ller seeks his careless way;
With rapid fall descends the sudden night,
And instant sink the beams of treach'rous day.

Far from his home, he shakes with pallid fear,
While dreadful darkness spreads its awful wings;
At ev'ry step the sounds of death seem near,
Fierce starts the serpent, and the tiger springs.

Should we for ease of woe to love apply,
And ask a partner of our daily care;
What bliss shall all the hopes of love supply,
Since sordid passions move the soft and fair?

For oft the face which beauty's smiles adorn
With art conceals the wild empassion'd breast.
Thus the gay shrub in sweetness veils the thorn,
When in its rich and summer honours drest.

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Thus when the breathless morn, with orient glow,
Spreads a soft calm o'er all the treacherous sea,
Reflected blushes answ'ring shine below,
And rob'd in softness treads the rising day.

But short, alas! the mild, the tranquil scene,
Ere noon the dark, the swelling storms arise,
Then alter'd nature frowns with sullen mien,
The whirlwind tempest shakes the angry skies.

Yet joyless all his days, his prospects vain,
Who singly wastes the solitary hour;
In female softness finds no balm of pain,
Of faithful beauty knows no pleasing pow'r.

While Luxury points to artificial life,
Chaste joys of wedded love how few dare try!
Unreal wants engender mutual strife,
And, at the approach of sorrow, raptures fly.

Yet hence let none with shameless front presume,
Or licence bold to feed a lawless flame;
For ruin'd peace is female frailty's doom,
And misery haunts it through the paths of shame.

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The crystal stream of present pleasure pure,
Though vice distains, and poisons as it flows,
Yet virtue's tranquil pow'rs through life endure,
Perennial bliss unfading she bestows.

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TO THE

PRIMROSE.

PALE visitant of balmy spring,
Joy of the new-born year,
That bids young Hope new plume his wing,
Soon as thy buds appear;
While o'er the incense-breathing sky
The tepid hours first dare to fly,
And vainly woo the chilling breeze;
That bred in Winter's frozen lap,
Still struggling chains the ling'ring sap
Within the widow'd trees.

Remote from towns, thy transient life
Is spent in skies more pure;
The city smoke, the seat of strife,
Thy beauties ill endure.
Coy rustic! that art blooming found,
Where artless Nature's charms abound,

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Sweet neighbour of the chanter rill;
Well pleas'd beside its silv'ry tide,
Or nodding o'er the fountain's side,
Self gazing sip thy fill.

Or on the dingle's shadowy steep,
The gaudy furze beneath,
Thy modest beauties sweetly peep,
Thy chaster odours breathe.
From luxury we turn aside,
From wealth and ostentatious pride,
With many an emblematic thorn;
Thy humble mien well pleas'd to meet,
Like competence in blest retreat,
Thy smiles the spring adorn.

What though thou boast no splendid hue
Of Flora's prouder race,
To me more fair art thou to view
In all thy simple grace.
Thine innocence and beauty meek,
More like my Celestina's cheek,
Where all the modest Virtues play;
Expression beaming from her eye,
In cherub smiles of chastity,
With mild and temper'd ray.

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Yet treasures lurk within thy lips
To glad the spoiler bee,
Who not with idle errand sips,
Or wanton vagrancy.
Ah! blest is he who temperance tries,
Simplicity above disguise,
And shuns the falser steps of art;
'Tis he extracts a bliss refin'd
Congenial to the virtuous mind,
The truly feeling heart.

Thy smiles young Innocence invite,
What time thy lids awake,
In shadowy walks to taste delight,
Or mazy tangled brake.
The infant troop of rosy hue,
And gay with health I seem to view,
While pleasure lights their laughing eyes;
With little hands a wreath combine,
Their fugitive delights entwine,
And boast their fragrant prize.

Ah! happy breasts! unknown to pain,
I would not spoil your joys;
Nor vainly teach you to complain
Of life's delusive toys.

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Be jocund still, still sport and smile,
Nor dream of woe, or future guile;
For soon shall ye awaken'd find
The joys of life's sad thorny way,
But fading flow'rets of a day,
Cut down by ev'ry wind.

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THE

LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

Ye lowly children of the shelter'd vale,
Like modest worth by scornful pride disdain'd,
Your little fleeting life,
Who waste unseen, unknown:

In verdant veil how bashfully enwrapp'd
Ye shun th' officious hand, the searchful sight
With downcast, pensive eye,
And ever musing heads!

Ah! when I view your meek, your humble mien,
And all your highly breathing fragrance taste,
How bleeds my sad'ning soul,
For unprotected worth.

How bleeds to think, that mortal excellence
Is doom'd to live forgot, unheeded die!
For in your short-lived charms
Are pictur'd well its fate.

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For ye, ere yet the morning's infant gale
Shall wing its early course may cease to greet,
With the sweet breath of love
The wakeful wanderer's way.

Nor longer virtue's boast! a little day,
A little hour she blooms! nor can her pow'r,
Us helpless victims shield
From th' unpitying grave.

Then come! my Anna's faithful bosom deck;
For, ever there, true worth, true wisdom dwell,
Congenial to your state,
Soft in that heav'nly rest.

There shall no busy insect dare obtrude
Your sweets to rifle with perfidious kiss,
While ye more fragrance taste
Than in your native beds.

Your highest incense breathe to emulate
Those more than op'ning morning's purest sweets
That sit on rosy lips
Of smiling chastity.

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INSCRIPTION FOR A RILL.

Ah! not in vain we silver rills
From mossy fountains flow,
Who brawling down the vocal hills
Leave lessons as we go.

Pictur'd in us may mortals see,
In our incessant strife,
The toils of drear obscurity,
The toils of mortal life.

Fast, fast we run, ne'er to return,
Like time that ever flies;
Thy fate with us, O man! then mourn,
And mourning be thou wise.

Though fretful ere our course we gain,
Like poor contentious pride;
Yet all our toil is not in vain,
We swell the river's tide.

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From us, lone trav'llers of the dale,
O be it understood,
How e'en the lowliest in life's vale
May aid the common good.

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TO THE

NIGHTINGALE.

Now the still hour of meditation reigns,
Awful in shades descends the pensive night;
While solemn umbrage wraps the hills, the plains,
And forms fantastic cheat the dubious sight.

From op'ning clouds the moon majestic moves,
And sheds around her softer partial rays;
Strong bursts of brightness gleam among the groves,
And on the waves a sportive radiance plays.

Amid the silent scene stalks pallid Fear,
At ev'ry sound she starts, at ev'ry breath;
Each distant sound, each breath she fancies near,
And in the doubtful object pictures death:

While far she hears the distant torrent's brawl
Rush murm'ring down the solitary vale;
While soft the rustling leaves, with gentle fall,
Betray the secret wand'rings of the gale.

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But list! the night's sweet songster tunes her throat,
And breaks the silence of the solemn scene!
What melting strains on raptur'd silence float,
What mimic echoes play each pause between!

Congenial now thy tale, O bird of woe!
Now with a dying fall, now swelling near;
In sympathy of pain thy sorrows flow,
And wake long buried anguish while I hear.

And ah! of human woe how sharp the sting!
Pangs that e'er restless mem'ry will restore!
At her reviving touch to life they spring,
From darkness wake, and wake to sleep no more.

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SONNET.

TO A BLACK-BIRD.

Piping aloud a rich melodious lay,
Within the peaceful depths of this lone vale,
Thou tell'st, enchanting bird! a pleasing tale,
To musing silence, at the close of day.
Thy partner sits upon her nest of clay,
While yellow furze scents high the evening gale,
Patient within the brake,—and much avail
Sweet notes her toils to sooth and to repay.
Hard is her task before the coming brood
Shall break the prison of the mottled shell;
Yet still she waits regardless of her food,
And scorns the pleasures of the spring as well.
In mutual bliss, when love unites the good,
'Tis thus a virtuous pair all woe dispel.

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SONNET.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS TRAVELS.

Mid Alpine heights, as bends your dang'rous way,
O'er narrow paths upon the mountain's brow;
Whence giddy terror fears to look below,
And dreads lest every forward step betray;
Above the clouds, that round the steep hills stray,
As caution moves with measur'd paces slow,
Deceptive through the mist's transparent glow,
While rocks hang dreadful nodding dire dismay;
When you your ardent vows to heav'n prefer,
And say—"from harms ye gracious powers defend!"
Should echo answer through the desart ear,
Let fancy own the whispers of your friend,
It cannot err—for 'tis his constant pray'r,
"That Guardian Angels may your steps attend."

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THE

COUNTRY PARSON.

Παντων μετριον αριστον. PHOCYLIDES.

Fortunatus et ille Deos qui novit agrestes.
VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

AH! blest is he, albeit unknown to fame,
Who lives with modest competence secure!
The sons of venture happiness misname;
For fancied good, a thousand ills endure;
Forsake the happy port where all is sure;
The winds defy, or trust the dang'rous wave,
Or dig for sordid gain with hands impure,
The soldier's toil, the battle's terror brave,
Tho' few and short are all our wants this side the grave.

Such is his lot, who, from temptation free,
Of conscience shipwreck'd, and of honour sold,
Can safely sail o'er life's advent'rous sea,
Nor idly change his peace, for specious gold;

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Amid the venal worthless tribe enroll'd,
Whom fraudulent success and fortune gild,
Or whom the toils of guilty traffic hold;
Alas! deceiv'd, they sandy structures build
Whose coffers are with spoils of vile oppression fill'd.

Such is his lot, who, bosom'd 'mid the trees
Where frames the cawing rook his pensile nest,
A tap'ring spire, a modest mansion sees,
By some kind patron's friendly bounty blest;
Who calls his own the seat of sacred rest,
Where reign unbroken quiet, classic ease,
The heart elate, by placid looks confest;
While gratitude its hourly tribute pays
To him, with sweet content and peace who crowns his days.

Near yon smooth plat, and whiten'd palisade,
Clipp'd to a peacock's tail, or dragon green,
Where frowns the yew a melancholy shade,
Picture of vanquish'd freedom's sadd'ning mien,
Our vicar's decent peaceful seat is seen;
Within, convenience hospitably reigns;
Prudence, a guardian ever wakeful, keen,
Far from the door repels fantastic pains,
While temp'rance over all a golden rule maintains.

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A garden trim he owns, with silver rill,
That ceaseless sports to music all its own;
Where nodding flow'rets stooping drink their fill,
And opé gay-eyes, refresh'd, fantastic, grown:
And there the gaudy tulip flaunts full blown,
The transient rose, Mentor of virgin pride;
Woodbines with cumbrous wealth hang clust'ring down,
The jasmine meek and pure, carnations pied,
That make a paradise, and scent the summer tide.

But most his luscious fruits, with glist'ring eye,
That clothe the sunny wall, he will commend,
The while he shews how they all fruits outvie:
He prunes them all, their growth his cares attend;
There bid them sprucely spread, here bid them bend;
What virgin bloom the blushing peach displays!
The nect'rine rich, where summer's bounties blend,
In juices ripe, full fed in fervent rays!
The conscious plum, that ev'ry ruder touch betrays.

Securely there the painted goldfinch breeds,
And grateful trills the sweetly-soothing lay;
Soft on their downy couch his offspring feeds,
That all with melody kind care repay.

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There wholesome herbs their thrifty pow'rs display;
With heart compact as truth the cabbage stands,
With trickling gems bedropt in twinkling play;
There nodding onions, rang'd like marshal'd bands;
And apples dropping down, that court the gatherer's hands.

Uprears asparagus his spiry head;
The sea's hoar child creeps snug in native sand;
The sluggard carrot sleeps his days in bed;
The cripple pea, alone that cannot stand,
With vegetable marrow rich, and bland;
The bean, whose tempting sweets the bees invite;
The scaly artichoke, in armour grand;
With more, that may nice epicures delight,
And dainties yield to glad the fickle appetite.

There stretch'd upon his bed of salts, supine,
Cool cucumber his creeping length extends;
Rough-coated melon shoots its tender vine,
Like worth, whom aspect rude ill recommends;
Enamour'd there narcissus gazing bends,
There glares anemone with velvet crown;
The vale's meek child a mantle green defends;
Ranunculus, whom shadowy hues embrown;
Imperial amaryllis tearful droops adown.

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Here, too, the currant hangs its loaded head,
Pomona's pearls, and gems of crimson light;
And gooseberries plethoric, green or red,
Of giant growth, warm rivalry excite,
With harmless pride nice culture's care requite:
The strawberry, amid her veil of green,
Bashful, with modest face, shrinks back from sight;
True virgin beauty, blushing to be seen;
And, oh! how sweet is chastity in beauty's mien!

His court, in troops, the busy poultry crowd;
That clam'rous jar with multifarious sound;
There sweeps his swelling wing the turkey proud;
With ire his scarlet wattles trail the ground,
If scarlet but appear, emblem of wound,
And war. Ah! how unlike the lady fair,
Or monarch race! The cock, there strutting round
His subject wives, with clarion pierces air,
When for the egg new-laid they cackle debonnair.

There to the dove-house flocks the cooing flight
With ever-changeful neck, and ruby eye;
For, aye, they love, and dalliance soft invite;
In contests oft, and oft endearments vie,
Or bask on sunny ridge with necks awry:

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And there the patient kine contented stand,
With pliant tail they lash the saucy fly;
While fragrant udders ask the friendly hand,
And the full pail o'erflows with wealth of Canaan's land.

His geese, of snowy white, adown the pond,
Like well-rang'd fleets, sail slow in wat'ry race;
Or, for their goslings grey so anxious, fond,
All on the green the teazing schoolboy chase
With hisses loud; with terror in his face,
And tearful eye, he runs, and screaming shrill:
The chequer'd duck, proud of each changeful grace,
Shakes from his azure wing the trickling rill,
Or nimbly diving hunts his prey with busy bill.

Deep in his cellar lurks the treasur'd port,
Gift of a friend, and friends design'd to cheer,
Whose ruby lips in smiling glasses court,
And bid the frown of sorrow disappear;
And brown October, aged many a year,
With native pow'rs that proudly boast to shine,
Jealous of foreign claim, and sparkling clear;
There, too, a store of birch or currant wine,
That wins his lady praise, when strangers come to dine.

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His horse, high privileg'd, may feed alone
Within the silent churchyard's close domain,
And muse upon each moral-graven stone,
But seldom conscious of the galling rein;
Yet he, to musing much averse, one grain
Of corn, one tuft of grass, yet values more;
Ah! thus the glutton man, with low disdain,
Beholds untaught all nature's copious store,
And, lost in sense, forgets its author to adore.

Nor wants he reverence due; that dear delight
Of life; the pride alike of high, of low;
No mind so humble but will claim this right,
This dearest commerce social compacts know,
The jealous claim whence civil discords flow.
For this the courtier, whom proud titles deck,
Now aims to rule, now servilely will bow;
To higher rank can cringe, and stoop the neck,
Full glad to catch the favour'd smile, and watch each beck.

Yet he, meantime, the proudest of the proud,
A haughty tyrant, and an abject slave,
With fond complacence eyes the menial crowd
That at his levee wait, and favour crave,
Where golden fools, and every fawning knave,

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The ready welcome meet. The little mind
Can ne'er with native dignity behave;
Tho' rais'd, still ever low; tho' free, confin'd:
Ennobled slaves are found the meanest of mankind.

And him they praise for charitable deeds;
And him they love, because the poor man's friend:
His breast for vex'd affliction kindly bleeds,
His pray'rs console, his cares the sick attend;
The cheering cordial he will kindly send;
Nor frowns at want or pain his friendly door:
He will advice or free assistance lend;
Convinc'd that heav'nly bounty glads his store,
He grateful gives a portion back, to bless the poor.

And him a wight of learning deep they hold,
Studious of cunning books, and secret lore;
And many a tale is, in half whisper, told
Of what these books contain, all scrawled o'er
With strange device, in which he wont to pore;
And letters crooked, of such doubtful guise,
That he must be full bold, who dares explore
The frightful magic page, of monstrous size;
Ah! heav'n defend the man who proves that enterprize!

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That he, no doubt, can conjure, well is known;
No haggard witch e'er dares approach his face;
For laying ghosts much vaunted his renown,
And stolen goods with skill he knows to trace,
Let thieves conceal in e'er so secret place:
And many a crime his pow'r has brought to light;
For when the bible-book forth comes, disgrace
Each trembling wretch will seize with pale affright;
He dares not stand that test, confessing all outright.

Within a solitary woodland stands
A cot, by witch once own'd, decrepid, old;
Rheum in her eyes, with palsy shook her hands;
Much to her cat she mumbled, much would scold,
And gather'd sticks, to cheat the winter's cold:
Oft in the shape of hare she was pursued,
Yet she escap'd each hound, or hunter bold:
Our parson's certain aim, at length, she rued;
Of silver was the ball, and blood her steps bedew'd.

Once the scar'd village, or thro' gloomy grove,
Or path-worn mead, amid the shade of night,
Ne'er dar'd alone with vent'rous feet to rove,
Such various forms assum'd a restless sprite:
An headless horse sometimes, and all in white,

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And then with hollow eyes, all dread to view,
Some dark-done-deed he wish'd to bring to light;
But him the priest soon laid: how, none yet knew,
But ev'ry grandam says, " 'tis as the gospel true."

When thro' the village forth he takes his way,
Their pastor kind they emulously greet;
In rustic guise obeisance they pay,
Both old and young, whom he may chance to meet,
Or palsied sick, or age with failing feet:
They curtsey quaint, they doff the hat full low,
For blessings oft they earnest pray'rs repeat,
And bid the nimbler infants run, with bow
Profound, to hail whom God's true prophet they avow.

But when the sabbath claims its sacred rest,
And sweet the bells thro' echoing vallies chime,
Then forth in village pride, so sprucely drest,
They seek the temple's holy porch betime,
And wait his coming; while, with look sublime,
He walks, 'mid bowing rows, with clerk behind,
A man well vers'd in Sternhold's quainter rhyme,
Who boasts full well the lessons all to find,
To pitch the voice, and read—save crabbed words unkind.

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The surplice next of snowy white he holds,
And lightly throws the good man's shoulders round,
Or amply spreads, or smooths the wrinkled folds:
Then to his throne he goes, in pomp profound,
Or aids the choir, with conscious glory crown'd,
While the shrill trebles with the base contend
Who simple harmony shall most confound,
While all disdain the single voice to blend,
And loudly to pre-eminence of praise pretend.

A man he is of aspect prim, demure,
Nor of importance small himself he deems,
And full of holy zeal for doctrines pure,
And often high disputes he holds 'gainst schemes
Of all whom he most heretic esteems,
And thinks we ne'er shall thrive till all shall burn,
Or who from church dissents, or who blasphemes;
And much he fears, lest fatal days return,
When bloody men shall cause both church and
state to mourn.

Nor aught can e'er his muscles discompose,
That, rusted by disuse, all joke defy,
When starch and solemn he to wedding goes,
Nor heeds the looks of rustic, leering sly;
But when the jest himself he ventures, dry

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And cautious, he recalls each truant smile,
Lest he may lose accustom'd dignity:
Thus many a dunce more dull, by artful wile,
Wisdom affects, and gaping ignorance can beguile.

Nor be his garb forgot; whate'er relates
To man pompose does pomp acquire thereby:
The solemn curls that cover learned pates
Do ever vulgar wigs by far outvie;
And dull is he who cannot well descry
The wearer's character from wigs alone.
And even when the parson's self was nigh,
Our clerk in state still undiminish'd shone;
But he by garb is less than self-complacence known.

But when the holy text is nam'd, intent
They turn the Bible o'er till it be found,
Nor heed, meantime, the preacher's argument.
From hand to hand the sacred leaf goes round,
And much they joy if learned words abound:
As louder swells his voice, the more they praise,
While thund'ring words obscure and dark astound:
And then returning hands in wonder raise,
Declare, "they never finer heard in all their days."

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Ah! how unlike is he to city priest,
With kerchief white, and smartly powder'd hair,
That does the ears of simp'ring ladies feast,
And wears the diamond ring on hand so fair,
And minces every word with nicest care,
And brings from theatres each phrase genteel,
Till nymphs delighted, him so sweet declare
The prettiest preacher, who at once can steal
Their hearts, and wake both mortal love and holy zeal.

All earthly bliss a moment smiles; behind,
Inseparable shades of sorrow low'r:
Deluded man! thy hopes are fleeting wind,
And discord ever lurks in quiet's bow'r.
There dwell not strife, and jealous love of pow'r,
The vestry breathes tumultuous high debate,
Churchwardens arrogant the temper sour,
With surly pride of office all elate,
And cruel overseer in strife confederate.

Yet happier he, than him in college hive,
The drone on books who pores his hopeless years;
Belov'd by none, and buried yet alive,
Whom no sweet charity to life endears,
But ever wrangling with his proud compeers:

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Friendship unknown, and ev'ry genial joy,
No charming wife his lonely sorrows cheers;
With drear insipid round his pleasures cloy,
Who learning treasures, which he never can employ.

Hail, temp'rance, hail! thou source of pure delight,
That ever flows a calm, an even tide!
His cheerful hearth regales the winter night,
Important cares his useful days divide,
Save when for health he takes a sober ride,
To cheer the sick, with penitence to pray,
With counsel aid, or absent church-folks chide,
With sacred acts to consecrate each day,
Prepare for heav'n, and homeward call the sheep that stray.

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WRITTEN NEAR

A SOLITARY CHAPEL.

——————Rectius occupat
Nomen beati, qui Deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejusque letho flagitium timet. HORACE.

STILL scene! where Ev'ning's sober rays
Shed softness round as light decays,
Thy sounds a pleasing change supply,
And seal in sleep the Day's bright eye!
The distant rook'ry, and the rill
That winds its stream beneath the hill;
The finch its scarlet throat that strains,
While on the spray the linnet plains;
Or homeward Labour's song, who sees
His smoking cot among the trees.

Here, erst, at eve, in books employ'd,
The setting sun have I enjoy'd
Above the hill, yon tow'r behind,
That slow with gorgeous glow declin'd;

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That, gilding all this antique fane,
Shone on the chapel's rustic pane,
And, thro' the windows streaming bright,
Diffus'd a still and holy light;
Where the close paddock burnish'd lay
By ev'ning's last refulgent ray,
And mark'd the riv'let thro' the vale
Its light-green progress playful steal,
Now peeping forth to sight, and then
Hiding abash'd its streams again!
With Milton stray'd, or pensive Gray,
Sweet warbler of the moral lay!
Pure hours! when hope enrich'd the mind!
Now flown—and what is left behind?
The bosom by experience torn,
That steals a joy, but plants a thorn;
A waking sense of truth too plain,
That vainly sighs to dream again.

Shall life mature no pleasure bring?
Like swallows, ever on the wing,
Must we the golden hope pursue,
Still flying us, yet still in view?
Lo, vanity, that bubbles blows,
And, as they swell, delighted grows,
Pursuing while they gaily fly,
And idly weeping as they die!
See Pride to heav'n in vain aspire
On vent'rous wings that never tire;

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Thence hurl'd, 'tis moody madness now,
Chain'd on the naked earth below!
See Avarice, on all that preys!
Envy, that finds and gives no ease!
These are the fatal storms of strife
Which vex the smoother sea of life.

True bliss is like the bashful brood
Of doves, that haunt the silent wood;
It flies from noise to quiet rare,
From passion's reign and busy care,
From empty shew and vain desire,
However varied, doom'd to tire;
That forces smiles, but inward pines;
A blaze, consuming as it shines.
Bliss treads the haunt of purest love,
In friendship's walk delights to move,
The social fire of kindness seeks,
Dimples in hospitable cheeks,
Dwells in the heart devoid of guile,
And lights of harmless mirth the smile;
Or, led by charity to woe,
Gilds the dark gloom with rapt'rous glow;
Lives in the mind that inward looks,
And studies nature, men, or books;
Or, led by philosophic night,
To wander in her starry light,
And reas'ning strengthen mental sight.

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These silent mansions of the dead,
Whose grassy graves the studious tread,
Forbid the sigh that dares complain
Of mortal momentary pain:
Ingratitude may wound the heart
With secret treachery's sharpest dart,
Love unreturn'd may slowly pine,
Hope wait for days which never shine;
But innocence, with balmy wings,
Repels of vice the sharpest stings.

TO THE

VIOLET.

Modest tenant of the shade!
Gay in mantling blue array'd!
Sweet the bee thy nectar sips,
Dropping from thy honey'd lips;
Murm'ring, as he toils along,
Labour's rude but cheering song.
Industry finds easy joy;
Idle pleasures ever cloy.

Digitized by Google

Balmy breather, born to fade!
Worth neglected in the shade!
Simple, innocent, and gay,
Swiftly fleets thy life away;
Thus may I, its shades among,
Quit of life the busy throng;
Then, like thee, and free from state,
Still be harmless, if not great,
Cheerful incense breathe around,
And in charity abound!

TO THE

RED-BREAST.

Συ δε τιμιος Βροτοισι. ANACREON.

SWEET bird! companion of mankind,
I hail thee with a grateful mind,
As to my cot thou drawest near:
O enter then! devoid of fear,
And peck the crumbs of scatter'd bread
Which wanton waste has idly shed;
For He, who makes thee e'er his care,
Bids man for deeds of mercy spare;

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Bids lux'ry stay its mad career,
And learn the aching heart to cheer;
For e'en the refuse of its store
May bless the hungry and the poor;
While God has nothing made in vain,
Nor wastes on earth a single grain
Which does not feed,—so great his care!—
Some commoner of earth or air.

Then peck at ease, and take thy fill,
For Winter frowns, and all is chill;
Fast falls the snow, and cold the skies,
And all below in ruin lies.

When Autumn's eve, declining slow,
Paus'd on the hill with purple glow,
Oft have I mark'd thy plaintive song
The close-lane walks or woods among;
Or from the cottage thatch, moss grown,
Have heard thy artless notes well known!
While all was warm, and all was still,
Save thee, and save the giddy rill
That, hurrying its impatient tide,
Rush'd down the sloping meadow's side;
No idle stream:—with ceaseless sound
It turn'd the pond'rous mill-wheel round.
When in my garden's shady seat
I sought from noise a green retreat,

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My arbour near thou oft hast sung,
Where clust'ring honeysuckles hung,
Whose perfumes, floating in the air,
Made crimson ev'ning sweet as fair.
To thee is superstition kind,
And softly tunes the tender mind:
Shouldst thou advance, poor trembling fool,
To peck within the village school,
Each luckless wight, with shudd'ring fear,
Harms not the bird to God most dear.

Sacred to God thy days appear,
Devoutly spent his altar near;
For in the church thou oft art found
To join the organ's solemn sound;
And, when the note of praise swells high,
To mix thy artless minstrelsy.
O may thy warbled pray'r ascend
To Him who taught me to defend
From harm, not only thee, but all
Who might on my protection call!
For in his works I learnt to spare,
Where love and mercy blended are:
Then may our Maker shelter me,
As I, poor bird, would shelter thee!

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WRITTEN AT

MOUNT EDGCUMBE.

Corripuere viam interea, qua semita monstrat
Jamque ascendebant collem qui plurimus urbi
Imminet, adversasque aspectat desuper arces.

Ye darksome wilds! ye burnish'd glades!
How gay your greens! how cool your shades!
Ye elms majestic, poplars tall;
Ye ash, whose graceful branches fall
In clust'ring elegance around,
With shadows quiv'ring on the ground;
With mottled moss, that various mark
With white or black your olive bark;
Ye flow'ring chesnuts, depth of shade;
Ye limes, in gayer garb array'd;
Ye beech, beneath whose solemn gloom
No vegetation dares to bloom;
Where faded leaves, profusely shed,
Lie strew'd, like generations dead*;
Ye cone-crown'd pines, of solemn hues,
Whose gales a rich perfume diffuse,

* Οιη περ φυλλων γενεη, τοιηδε και ανδρων. HOMER.

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Who all in masses wide unite,
And as ye spread exclude the light,
Save where the bold obtrusive day
Pours thro' your night a casual ray;
Within your depths I meditate
The dread vicissitudes of fate:
While hoary limbs, in huge decay,
The ruin of the storm display.
And ye who brave the storm, alone,
Like orphan outcasts distant thrown;
And ye, high nodding o'er the steep,
As list'ning to the murm'ring deep,
Whose waves beneath incessant beat
The promontory's rugged feet,
When vex'd with storms, in wild uproar,
They vainly chafe the fretful shore:
Ye all with awful warnings chide
The brief delights of human pride.
What groves on groves ascending grow!
How green the crystal waves below!
And there the fishers ply their trade,
And round the circling nets are spread;
And, as the barks approaching close,
The ardent work more busy grows,
The struggling shoals, in glitt'ring strife,
Are robb'd of liberty and life.
Beneath the still umbrageous wood
The simple cottage crowns the flood,
Where oft with pomp fatigued, the great
For meditation find retreat.

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That what we seek, within us lies;
From vice or noise disturb'd it flies,
To learn that humbler scenes can cheer,
The mind content, the conscience clear:
But yet in vain for peace we go,
If guilt pursue—that mental foe.
Amidst the woods, the trembling deer
Impetuous rush, all wild with fear;
Oft turn to gaze, with jealous eye,
As from destructive man they fly;
And from the dark wood to the lawn
Lead off in troops the bounding fawn.
Ah! shun not us, ye timid race!
We never urge the savage chase;
We would not stain your spotted sides
With cruel murder's crimson tides;
For us you may in safety wear
Your branching antlers, void of care;
Or thro' the woods, each vacant day,
Or o'er the fragrant lawns, still play:
We would not bid the insect die,
Nor wound the gaily plumag'd fly.
Man lives the tyrant of the field;
But more, by hard unkindness steel'd,
On his own race destruction brings:
Ingratitude's deceitful stings,
And Avarice, to pity cold;
Ambition proud, and Conquest bold;
Revenge that never sleeps, and Pride,
And War, in bloody garments dyed;

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Oppression rude, and Lust that preys
On Beauty's fairest, happiest days.
These all against our peace combine;
Thro' these we mourn, thro' these we pine;
And more thro' these, alas! we know
That sharpest ill! domestic woe.

The raptur'd eye now wanders round
The circling stretch of distant ground,
Where fading mountains crown the scene,
With many a fertile vale between;
Where, sporting with the solar beams,
Fam'd Tamer winds his wanton streams;
And, deck'd with villas, forts, and towns,
With woods and pastures, hills and downs,
With docks and navies, England's pride,
And lighter barks that swiftly glide;
With islands, shores, and caverns deep,
In hours of calm where tempests sleep:
Amid the glowing scenes we see
Life pictur'd in variety.
The moral page then let us trace,
And read ourselves in nature's face.
That stream, which proudly rolls below,
Ordain'd thro' many a maze to flow,
Obstructed runs its early course
Thro' winding channels work'd by force:
Still changing objects doom'd to find,
Yet each still doom'd to leave behind:

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But when enrich'd, and strengthen'd most,
In the wide ocean soon is lost.
So we, in ardent youth obscure,
The checks and scorns of pride endure;
And, as from scene to scene we range,
Flow down to death in ev'ry change.
Yon greens the face of friendship wear,
That mid the blast unchang'd appear;
Like worldlings, some awhile are gay,
A summer's smile of hope display.
That sea how smooth, and yet how soon
Rash storms destroy its placid noon!
Changing as ev'ry breeze may blow,
O may our days more temper'd flow,
Till hence the sated spirit flies
To brighter scenes, and brighter skies!

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A

MEDITATION

ON A

NEW YEAR.

——E cœlo descendit γνῶθι σεαυτὸν. JUVENAL.

ANOTHER year elaps'd! how quickly past!
To thee now lost, perhaps to thee the last,
Reflect what useful duties thou hast done,
What acts omitted, and what conflicts won?
Its stubborn neck to rule has passion bow'd?
Or, like a sweeping deluge, raging flow'd?
Has Charity with sympathetic glow
Taught thee to pity, and to soften woe?
Hast thou benignly wept with those that weep,
Heal'd ev'ry wound, bid ev'ry passion sleep;
Heard the distress of all the abject race,
Nor ever from the poor man turn'd thy face?
Hast thou a kind protector been to youth,
And guided innocence to peace and truth?

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Hast thou e'er blush'd, and dropt the fruitless tear,
When pow'rless kindness mourn'd to seem severe?
Hast thou, to virtuous friendship firm and true,
The sacred sense of honour kept in view;
Nor, where thou shouldst promote a worthy friend,
Thyself step'd in, to serve some paltry end?
The shrewd, the restless, with incessant care,
Full as the sea, obtrusive as the air,
In ev'ry vacuum rush, all peace confound,
All order ruin, and all rule o'erbound.
Who would beneath the shade of kindness live,
The blessings, which he would receive, must give;
Teach other breasts with equal warmth to glow,
And what he hopes to reap must largely sow.
The polish'd surface, and the wat'ry plain,
The splendor which they take remit again.
Hast thou the secrets of a friend betray'd?
Or kindness with ingratitude repaid?
E'er wish'd fair blooming innocence to stain?
Or for thy pleasure giv'n another pain?
E'er suffer'd anger's wound to rankle deep?
Or ere the day has slept bade passion sleep?
Swift as the rushing rivulet's fretful tide,
Or swift as momentary waves subside,
E'er felt for friends the tear of pity fall,
Sincerely wept and truly felt for all?
O'er deserts, oceans, breath'd a kindred soul,
And wing'd the wish of love from pole to pole?
If some there are, who, cold to virtue's cause,
Can merit see, and yet deny applause,

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Can see triumphant vice o'er worth aspire,
Nor feel just indignation's conscious fire,
Has strong impatience stung thy honest breast,
And bid thee feel for virtue when oppress'd?
If a new path the excursive mind has try'd,
And in a thoughtless moment turn'd aside;
Soon as it found the devious wild to lead
To mazy error, and its steps betray'd,
With eager ardour, and with anxious pain,
Hast thou enquir'd the blissful path again?

Accept my humble thanks, O gracious Heav'n!
For all the bounties to thy servant giv'n;
For health, for ease, for quiet, and a mind
Of various tastes and various views combin'd;
For all the feeling which can bliss dispense,
And exquisite, but often painful sense!
I own, with gratitude, the full delight
Which in thy high-wrought works enchants my sight,
And tastes the charms the vary'd landscape gives,
Where goodness almost speaks, and wonder lives.
How cold the heart that owns not nature's pow'r,
For whom the tow'ring oak, or gay-ey'd flow'r,
For whom the morning's blush, or ev'ning's glow,
Unfelt, unmark'd, their splendid tints bestow!
That sweetly-soothing sounds have force to move,
And tune my soul to softness and to love,

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That when the solemn organ's gradual swell
Some raptur'd tale celestial seems to tell,
And with angelic voice to mortal ear
Pours forth such sounds as heav'n alone should hear,
Or when wild rapture flies from trembling strings,
And music bears off sorrow on its wings,
That then I feel a still, an holy peace,
I thank the Pow'r which bids all sorrow cease.

Again I thank the Pow'r that taught my mind
A bliss in fancy's pathless wilds to find,
To follow rich imagination's wing,
And share, at least, the spoils that others bring;
Or guided tread some visionary scene,
In playful colours and eternal green,
Where cloudless days diffuse eternal light,
And new creation dazzles on the sight;
Where hills resound, and vocal ev'ry tree,
And ev'ry object teems with rich variety:
Where dizzy torrents dash from down their steep,
Or near the murm'ring waters poets sleep,
Dissolv'd in dreams, thro' magic air who fly,
And view immortal things with mortal eye.

O may my future years such pleasures know,
While life thro' all these mazy veins shall flow!

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From tumult far, and from ambition's dream,
May I float down of time the silent stream!
And, when I choose retirement, be allow'd
To quit the noisy town, or madding crowd;
Then, as some hermit blest, where Alps arise,
Securely dwells, amid the frowning skies,
In safe retreat, above the mountain's brow,
Hears awful thunders rolling far below,
Which shake the nodding rocks,—disastrous sound!
While deaf'ning echoes round and round rebound;
And fragment torn, with rapid fury hurl'd,
Tumultuous fall, and fright the nether world:
So may I dwell secure from noise and ill,
And live with peace and contemplation still!

But when this failing pulse shall beat no more,
And life and all its busy dreams be o'er,
Then may I sink to everlasting rest,
Nor shook by fear, nor by remorse depress'd!
And when the fun'ral train, in dark array,
Shall to the churchyard bend its solemn way,
May those whom grief or idle chance shall lead
To see another number'd with the dead,
Exclaim,—"Behold the good man's peaceful close,
"His friends who cherish'd, who ne'er harm'd his foes;"
And give this tribute with a pensive sigh,
"So may we live! and, as he died, so die!"

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SONNET.

TO THE SEA.

MUSING, I view thy active, restless tide,
Picture, too true, of life's deceitful dreams!
Reflect in playful waves the solar beams,
And beat the rocky promontory's side:
Condemn'd each wilder tempest to abide,
Thy rest, like misery's, but transient seems;
Like pride, that vibrates in its airy schemes,
Fast flow thy streams, and fast again subside.
Yet thou some softer days of calm canst taste,
Tranquillity spreads fair her placid smile,
And smooths awhile thy dreary, barren waste.
But what can e'er the pains of life beguile?
Beyond all storms, in happier regions plac'd,
Hope points alone to some more blessed isle.

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THE SEA:

A POEM.

IN TWO BOOKS.

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ARGUMENT TO BOOK I.

Address to Nature—The Extent of her Works—Serve to display the Omnipotence of the Deity—Winter—Description of a Storm—A Shipwreck—Ernesto and Matilda, a Tale—A Ship on fire—Sources of the Sea—Scene changes to Summer—A Summer Morn on the Sea—A Cavern—Digression—Thelamont and Almeria, a Tale—Close of the First Book.

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THE SEA:

A POEM.

BOOK I.

. . . . . καθιζόμενος δ'ἐπὶ πίτυας
Ὑψηλᾶς, εἰς πόντον ὁρῶν, ἄειδε τοιαυτα.

THEOCRITUS.

Suave, mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem;
Non quia vexari quemquam 'st jucunda voluptas,
Sed, quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave 'st.

LUCRETIUS.

HAIL, bounteous Nature! hail, eternal source
Of loveliness and harmony divine!
Still ever mingling, ever yet unchang'd!
Though various, pure; simple, though multiform;
As more admir'd, the theme of higher praise!
More sought, still ever to be sought the more;
Profounder as more known: so vast thy works!

Great Being, rise! unfold each latent charm
In all thy pomp! thy splendid majesty!

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Thy matchless grace! and wave thy magic wand,
And call around thee visionary forms,
Deck'd in the varied tints of glorious light,
That stream from all thy rich prismatic rays;
Dart o'er the ample fields of lustrous air;
With gay perspective fill th' astonish'd gaze;
Bid all thy shapes mysterious now appear,
And wake the kindling soul; till, rais'd by thee,
We join our earthly songs to raptur'd hymns,
Sweet as angelic pow'rs on golden harps
Unceasing sound before the throne of heav'n!

Hail, too, vast mirror of Omnipotence!
Unquiet world of battling elements!
Unfathomable like the God himself!
Those men who venture on thy faithless deep,
And try the fury of the midnight storm,
Behold the awful wonders of the Lord.
For me, enough upon this cloud-crown'd rock
To sit, while wild winds roar, and furious waves
Incessant break, and dash their hoary foam;
And muse of him, the Being infinite,
Who rules o'er all, whose potent word alone
Can still the raging of yon troublous sea.
Begin we, then, to trace the wond'rous scene.

When to the wintry zone the backward sun
Its second course across th' equator bends,

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The winds untam'd, and all the tribe of storms,
A savage band! he freely gives to range,
And loosens from their chains invisible
The merciless invaders of the globe.

In gloom enwrapp'd, and terrible in ire,
Breaks forth the fierce South-west; his mantle night
And mist confus'd. In show'rs the weeping skies
Profusely fall, and the proud ocean roars,
Scar'd at the scowling of his angry brow.
Implacable and rough, the dreary East
Wafts on his arid breadth unwholesome plague;
Or, southward winding, takes him vap'ry wings
From all the fogs of Egypt and the Nile,
And shakes incessant inundations down.
Far from the northern pole another comes,
Thy rigid kingdom, keen relentless cold!
His chariot ice; and his artill'ry sharp,
The patt'ring hail, keen blight, and arrowy frost:
His diadem brisk lightning, storm his voice.
With these a troop of brother demons rise;
Tornado ravaging, and whirlwind wild;
And all in elemental battle wage.
These, when relax'd, wanton and free, at once
Dark o'er the gloomy months tyrannic rage.
Calm smiles no more, nor spreads her stilly arms
Across the bosom of the charmed wave,
But sleeps in milder climes, 'mid spicy isles,
Lull'd to soft rest by songs of summer birds.

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Meanwhile the foaming sea, thro' all his deeps
Upheaving, feels the coming storm. Slow rolls
The tumbling tide, and lifts its pond'rous mass
Full on the rugged shore; repulsive rocks,
That with re-active force oppose. Then mounts
The mighty wave, a watry wall, till high
The curling top o'erswells the bending base:
Then thund'ring down the fluid ruin falls
Upon the frighted strand, or pointed cliff:
While boiling foam invades the trembling shore,
And seas in mingled fury madden round.

And now still more decline the shorten'd days.
Awkward the porpoise huge its cumbrous form,
With ev'ry monster of the deep, disturb'd
And flound'ring plays. Frequent the sea birds rise,
And mounting clam'rous on the hurried wing,
Portentous skim the restless main; or sweep,
In mazy circles swift, the pathless air,
The shores around, and tell the coming storm
That distant roars. The growing tide ascends:
Loud on its boist'rous back the tempest growls,
Frowning a dreadful night that widely spreads
His black terrific wings o'er all the sea.
Dark, dark is air, as if the guiding stars
Had never been; and rocking navies roll,
Scarce riding safe, e'en anchor'd in their port;
Awe-struck, expectant of disastrous night.
Disastrous night still, still increasing rules;

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With tenfold horror steals o'er all the scene,
And thrills the soul. The heav'ns in conflict rage
With ocean surge; the lightnings sudden shoot
Across the lurid scene their ghastly blaze,
And make more horrible each horrid thing.
Down pours the flooding rain, impetuous pours,
Profusely mingling all the watry world.
The whistling winds, the stormy tyrants, roar,
With phrensy'd breath, their blasts resistless round:
All is commotion, fury, and wild war.

Beneath the shelter of my dome, secure,
I hear the howling of the storm; and while,
Upon my midnight bed, I heave a sigh
For wretches toss'd at sea in such a night,
And bless my happier stars that I am doom'd
To taste a smoother life, the cannon's roar,
Wing'd with the tale of death and frantic woe,
Portentous smites my frighted ear. Again,
A second sounds, and speaks too plain distress:
Some hapless vessel stranding on the rocks,
The rocks obdurate as th' unfeeling world.
I start, and, loosely cloth'd, haste to the scene
Of tumult and wide waste. Tremendous fires,
From sullen midnight's deepest gloom burst bright,
Shoot all athwart the sky, and large disclose
Dire desolation's course. The nodding brow
Of the o'erhanging promontory's steep
I gain, and hear the surges dreadful dash

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Far down; while pitiless and rough gales blow.
What shrieks of death assail my stounded ear,
Faint on the blast! Hoarse uproar rages round,
'Mid unavailing groans! With sighs my breast
Heaves fast, for that, alas! I cannot aid.
Cease, cease your blasts, dread ministers of wrath!
O spare a mother's tears, that now, perhaps,
Unwearied weeps; an infant family,
That lift their little hands, and lisping learn
Th' unsullied pray'r, that asks a parent safe,
From rosy lips as yet unstain'd by sin,
The morning sacrifice of innocence.
Thus many a pray'r abrupt to heav'n I raise,
And join my orisons with dying souls
Fast sinking in the dread, the dark abyss;
Their watry grave, from whence no more they rise.
Through the rude night distracted thus I mourn,
Till morn, with unpropitious rays, explains
The fatal tale; where broken fragments, toss'd
On the wild surge, and many a floating corpse,
Call forth fresh tears, and fill my soul with woe.

So howl'd the blast when young Ernesto sail'd,
The pride of bloom, and to a lovely maid
Most dear; for early choice united both,
And mutual vows. Affection, first inspir'd
By answ'ring nature, warm'd the kindling breast;
And reason, as it ripen'd, fann'd the flame.
To fair Matilda's sire Ernesto own'd

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Th' aspiring wish, and often pray'd consent;
But he forbade. Ernesto had to boast
Of virtue's gifts alone, a manly form,
A mind with nobler sentiment enrich'd.
Matilda's sire more lov'd all-pow'rful gold;
And what to such is virtue unadorn'd
By fortune's gilded rays? What parent weighs
Poor worth with wealth? or unstain'd honour deems
Equivalent to useless hoards? e'en though
He well the means of life can amply give.
" Thy suit I cannot hear," the old man cry'd:
" But go, Ernesto; seek advancement where,
" In foreign climes, some ready road to gain
" Success points out; and shouldst thou speed, good youth,
" Nor mutual love, waning meantime, decay,
" I may consent." With joy the lover heard
The distant hope—for hope, however far,
To sanguine minds seems near. Instant he sought
Th' arduous voyage, with warm desire elate,
And industry, that leads to wealth, to fame.
With many a sigh, with many a tear, too soon
The lovers part, and stretch their eager eyes
To catch a last look, as the vessel leaves,
With unkind speed, the far-receding shore.
Pass we the tedious years; absence, delay,
And doubt of constancy; though letters oft
Exchang'd, solace of anxious love, breath'd warm
The thrilling line, and dying faith renew'd.

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At length Ernesto, blest beyond his wish,
His native land resought. The verdant coasts
Of Britain joy'd his eager sight; his pulse
With expectation beat. An harbour now
The vessel enter'd, whence a few short lines,
But full of ecstacy, which words could ill
Express, his safe arrival to the fair
Convey'd—for at a distant port she dwelt;
And a few days of meeting too proclaim'd.
The time soon came, that passing never seem'd:
Days are an age, moments are long years,
To sever'd love. Again the youth exults,
The destin'd harbour as the vessel seeks
With wide-spread sail, scudding, and foaming haste,
And cuts the azure wave; when soon the tow'rs
High steepling o'er the coast of that fair town,
Where dwelt his ev'ry wish, Ernesto saw,
And joy'd—but shortly joy'd. For ruffling winds
Rose fast, and ev'ning darkness grimly frown'd
O'er lands and struggling main. Loud burst the storm:
And, oh! how shall the muse the tale relate!
Her rudder useless, and her anchors lost,
Before the furious blast the vessel drove,
Till fix'd upon a rock she lay, the sport
Of ev'ry wave, and dash'd to fragments fast.
Aided by cords a few, and with the rest
Ernesto, dart upon the rugged shore.
But, ah! it was a beetling cliff that stretch'd,
Prone-nodding, o'er the deep. Some striving climb

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The lofty brow to reach, but headlong fall,
O'erwhelm'd, within the dark abyss of fate.
Ernesto too, by biting cold benumb'd,
Trembling and tortur'd hung. Again the thought
Of his Matilda rushing, strung anew
His slacken'd nerve, and call'd fresh effort forth.
Then utt'ring her lov'd name, upward he sprung;
When, ah! one faithless branch his grasp betray'd,
And down he fell; and struggling sunk within
Th' unpitying depth of overwhelming waves.

Now on her bed Matilda lay diffus'd
In pleasing dreams of visionary scenes,
In airy fancy's slender tissue wove,
Of vows renew'd, and sweet returns of love.
Wak'd by the rattling storm, such eyes she op'd
As would have charm'd the churlish sullen night,
Could night be charm'd. Then instant o'er her soul
Each wild idea rush'd of all that fear
Suggests, by apprehensive love alarm'd;
Dread that Ernesto might now, tempest toss'd,
Encounter peril, shook her tender frame.
Slow rose the day, and slower still to her
Appear'd; denied the kind relief of sleep,
That healing med'cine of the bruised soul;
And rack'd with care, at early dawn she rose,
And look'd wan as the winter morn enwrapp'd
In snowy mantle chill. Too soon disturb'd,
While rudest clamour fill'd the hurried street,

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Her window she unclos'd, and saw too plain
Ernesto's corpse—O agonizing sight!
Snatch'd from the tossing sea, and mournful borne
To his sad parent's house, who daily pour'd,
For his return, the anxious fervent pray'r.
Then with a shriek she fell a pallid form,
And lifeless, to the ground, shrunk like the plant
That shuns the touch, and quench'd in sable night,
Like eve's bright star behind an envious cloud.

Nor has the rough rude sea alone its fears;
For trait'rous danger haunts the smoother wave,
And many a fiend of death awaits the man
Who trusts the fickle deep. Calm was the night,
And with unusual brightness shone the moon
Serene, amid a train of fleecy clouds,
That with transparence thin scarce half conceal'd
Her virgin face, made brighter by the change,
When they withdrew their light and fleeting forms.
Calm was the night, when a gay vessel scarce
Within its ample sails a breeze conceiv'd:
Hush'd was the breathless main in deep repose,
While gentle undulations, heaving soft
As beauty's bosom, caught a trembling ray,
And frequent sparkling turn'd the glassy glance
Bright in the solemn planet's gazeful eye:
The mariners, with hope of happy home
Inspir'd, for far and long their course they steer'd,
Sportive in gladsome circles sat around,

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And talk'd of toil now o'er, of dangers 'scap'd;
And while the flowing bowl pass'd cheerly, full,
Pledg'd each his mistress, or his faithful friend,
Who seem'd the more belov'd as near they drew;
Alas! nor constancy, nor faithful friend,
Nor relative most lov'd, were they to meet:
But fate, sad foe to friendship! foe to love!
For as they joyous pass'd the mirthful hour,
Relaxing sport, convulsive laughter rung;
Nor music fail'd, companion fit of mirth:
But sudden horror chill'd the burst of joy,
Shrill shrieks of woe th' astonish'd ear assail'd,
And blaze terrific of quick-flying fire
The sight appall'd. Instant confusion rose,
And ghastly terror smote the fainting heart.
Mad uproar shouts, clam'ring with hundred mouths;
On hissing wing the crackling flame spreads wide,
And furious feeds with all-destructive tongue.
Where shall they turn? for double death awaits!
The bark some seize, and fly their frighted friends;
Some madly plunging, find a watry grave:
Still more the circling fire's devouring rage
Swallows. Seas, skies, reflect the mighty blaze,
And redden with deep conflagration round;
Till far within the vessel's nitrous womb
Fierce waste descends; then vast explosion roars
With thund'rous voice, and hurls above the clouds
Red fiery fragments, and wide-scatter'd limbs:
Crimson'd old ocean blushes at the sight.
Then, quench'd at once, the hapless ruin falls,

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And gloom and mournful change succeed; and o'er
The night sad solitary silence reigns.
So, on the flow'ry side of Ætna fam'd,
In peace the shepherd tends his scatt'ring flock,
The village joys, and fruitful vintage swells,
Burst from its crater's depth, with fury boils
Eruptive lava's deluge, glowing wide;
A torrid stream of liquid heat o'erwhelms
The flocks, and herds, and all the rural pride.

Whence are the secret springs that daily feed
Thy thirst, insatiate ocean? and supply
With particles saline thy briny flood?
Still dost thou ask like dotard avarice,
And waste like youthful prodigality.
At once thy loss, thy gain, thy sum the same,
Since first creation rose, divinely fair;
Saw graceful order pleas'd, and bade thee roll
Thy ample waters round the harass'd shore.
Elastic vapours e'er from thee arise,
And steal in silence on the ambient air;
Then, thron'd upon the mountain's misty heads,
They pour their million fountains to the plain.
For thee old Nile in hundred cataracts roars;
For thee its copious stream the Niger rolls:
Through long and weary ways the Danube foams,
'Mong steepy banks with cities proudly gemm'd:
Nor less the ample Rhine profusely sweeps,

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The golden Tiber, and the silver Po.
The first who mourns his long-lost faded state,
When freedom shone to him a fervid sun,
But now dull, dreary superstition clouds.
In all attractive grace her classic way
The last pursues, and sees her poplar groves,
Her polish'd temples shine in calm repose,
And soft'ning culture, all reflected fair.
Nor be proud Thames forgot. But what are these
To thy vast waters, more majestic world,
Beyond the green Atlantic's stormy reign?
Maragnon bold, itself a moving sea,
And first of streams, thund'ring o'er dizzy steeps
Immense its hoary torrent floods; and more
That roll their copious waves in northern climes,
'Mid forests boundless, and savannahs vast;
And, proudly winding, view the rising seats
Of novel laws, of youthful, growing arts;
The infant Hercules of new-born states,
Who, cradled, yet could crush the serpent form,
And iron force, of stern despotic sway.
Nor art thou e'er with viewless air unmix'd,
Though seeming both averse, of natures strange;
Clandestine nuptials oft ye celebrate:
Far in the lowest depths descends and lurks
Th' obtrusive spirit of elastic breeze.

Ye wintry days, withdraw the settled gloom.
That sably curtains round the cheerless skies!

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Awake, ye roseate hours, from perfum'd beds,
Still the rough waste, and with the breath of peace
Bid pleasure float upon the charmed wave!
Lo, ardent summer comes, and claims his rule!

In silv'ry veil see virgin morn arise,
Fresh as a new creation, wash'd in dews
Ethereal! balm'd in rosy sleep she treads,
And, looking softness, darts forth heav'n-born joy.
Hush'd nature listens, still reflection smiles;
She lifts her golden eye, and beams abroad,
And tips with orient tint the sluggish mists,
And rolling clouds, that ling'ring cling around
Yon mountain's base, yon wide horison's verge.
What kindling glories gild the glowing skies!
What blushes fill the smooth expanse below!
The wide-spread mirror where her modest face
With answ'ring beauty shines a perfect calm:
Not fluid merc'ry boasts more polish'd gloss.
Abroad no zephyr steals; no dimple curls
The now quiescent wave, that sleeps along
The placid shore with pendant verdure crown'd:
Within its winding arms encircling warm
The glassy green, well pleas'd itself to view,
In shadowy length, within the mimic plain.
Saunt'ring, the fisher in his idle bark
Awaits the whisper of the fav'ring gale;
Nor spreads the sail, that of the sluggish hour
Impatient hangs. But stealth of fav'ring gale

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The perfect plain denies, such quiet reigns.
Or if a vagrant solitary breeze
Perchance pass light its momentary way,
Yon shining main its secret kiss avows,
And shudders like offended chastity
At ev'ry wanton wish that rudeness breathes.
Or leaps a fish, a spreading ringlet runs,
And wid'ning trembles to the distant shore.
The air no clamour wounds. Ye lighter barks,
That with the finny oar glide smooth along,
Spare the rude stroke, nor spoil the level wave,
Nor break the solemn silence of the scene.
See vermil morn yet gladdens into birth!
For, lo! the lazy fogs steal soft from view,
And, as they fade, brightens the gorgeous scene,
And stately all the naval pomp appears,
War's awful ensigns: thy more grateful fleets
Thy better pride. O commerce! friend of arts,
Green islands lone, tall cliffs, the circling ports
Where traffic lavish spreads his crowded wharfs,
Inverted all in imitative shade!

Within the winding cavern's broken depth
I sit, and museful view the azure main.
Here massy fragments, bold primeval rocks,
Hang vestiges of universal fate,
When deluge pour'd his roaring waters round,
And terror shook this habitable globe.

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Impending some, hoary and scatter'd wild,
Or falling seem, and nod in dread suspense;
Touch'd by the wrinkled hand of time, that tints
With moss and lichens rude the living stone,
The tardy growth of years. Low at their base
The curious vegetation of the deep,
The sea-weed hangs, the pearly corallines,
And fancy-featur'd plants in branching pride
That mimic well the landscape's changeful dress;
The scarlet lava, and the fucus brown,
And punctur'd stones in cells innumerous work'd,
By insect labours beautifully pierc'd.

Stupendous seats of dreary solitude,
That lift your tall cliffs to the dizzy sky,
And ever dare the wasteful tempest's rage!
Eternal monuments, that proudly mock
The pencil's vain attempt to picture well
Your giant bulk, your reverential shapes,
In grand confusion venerably pil'd,
Inspiring solemn thought! while all around
Your high-brow'd beetling cliffs, and fragments huge,
Sage meditation holds her silent reign!
I lose all thought of sublunary things,
Majestic nature! aw'd by thy great works,
That speak how little man! how great thy God!
And, oh! how good to stoop to earthly care!

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In long perspective to the stretching eye
A wide expanse, a watry waste extends,
Cross'd by the frequent sail, that swelling full
Dispreads its snowy bosom o'er the blue,
The level plain, pregnant with new-born gales,
While day now more advancing beams; while health
Swift on his golden car ambrosial rides,
And all with gladness fills th' ethereal fields.
How soft the rising breeze, that gently pants,
With unseen wing, across the summer sky;
Steals on the sense, and from the ruffling sea
Wafts od'rous salts! Hence busy memory wakes
Of infancy, when all was heart-felt joy,
When the light smiling hours flew swift away,
Or dropp'd on ev'ry glancing sting such balm
As instant heal'd the superficial wound.
What time the golden orb of orient morn
Rose lustrous o'er the wave, the restless wave,
That blushing sportive caught each trem'lous ray,
Oft in the green translucent tide, where shone
Each motley pebble clear beneath, these limbs
New brac'd and strengthen'd play'd, bedew'd in health.

O sweet remembrance! magic pow'r! that far,
Far more than all the present canst delight,
Why should thy vivifying pow'r exalt
Reflective dreams, to bliss so exquisite?

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Why should reviving shades of faded joy
Give more delight than ev'ry good possess'd?
Pale care, corrosive care, perpetual gloom,
O'erhang the atmosphere of ripen'd years,
Unfitting us for bliss, sable and sad.
Still, still that serpent grows with manhood's growth,
Writhes round the heart, and ever inward gnaws.
Their loaded wings the languid spirits flag,
The soul sinks dead, nor thrills at pleasure's touch,
And we become like charnel vaults, o'er which
A solitary ray of light displays
The melancholy picture of our state.
Joy lights on hoary age like paler suns
In frozen climes; to youth congenial comes,
Gay as the morn on summer flow'rs, then made
More sweet by what it feeds; or as the breath
Of sportive zephyr on th' Eolian harp,
That wakes and catches melody at once.
How pleasing ever seems the past! for pain,
Soften'd by mellow tints of time, lives faint
In mem'ry's tale; while joy more vivid seems,
More lov'd, because 'tis past. Alas! we find
Our little stock of pleasure daily less,
And, miser-like, lament our wasting store.
Moments important grow when twilight draws
Her dusky veil across the failing scene.
When of the past we muse, not single joys
Revive, but a bright glitt'ring starry train,
Whole constellations gild the during shades
That wrap the awful past in fading hues,

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Darting their many rays refulgent round;
Ah! youth is unadulterated bliss!

What vary'd tints thy face reflective deck,
Unstable element! 'Mid frowning skies,
Thou look'st wide dreariness; or when fair Spring
Her robe of softest purple wears, and floats
Upon the melting air, thy waves assume
Such dazzling blue as boasts the azure stone
That gives the painter's touch aerial tints.
How quick the rippling waters sparkling curl,
And all the ocean dances in the beams!
Oft has the poet ey'd thy various face,
And, musing, call'd thee semblance of false man;
Uncertain being, who, as seasons wane,
Will watch the shifting colours of the sky,
Change with each changeful wind, and sudden dash
On disappointment's hidden rocks the bark
That fondly trusts to friendship's doubtful calm.
And thou, false fluid! thou canst wear a smile,
Tho' far, far worse than all that thou canst threat,
The shameless front of base ingratitude,
Forsaken love, proud scorn, the cureless ills
Of life—thou too canst smile, and yet deceive.

Now thrice three fast revolving suns had view'd
Fond Thelamont to his Almeria join'd:
Rapture had melted into fix'd esteem,

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Equal delight, and soul-exchanging bliss.
So beam'd, so smil'd, so parted ev'ry year!
Bright shone a summer's morn, when Thelamont
Upon a placid sea set sail, intent
With baited hook to tempt the finny tribe.
He to Almeria first his purpose spoke:
The apprehensive fair, to fear too prone,
But more through love, with look ineffable,
And glist'ning eyes, where soft affection dwelt,
Thus spake: "Why try the dang'rous wave to-day?
"Oft have I dreaded dire mishap, when thou
"Upon the faithless main hast solace sought,
"Where unknown horror lurks, and hidden snares.
"This day is sacred to the rites of love,
"This anniversal of the happy year
"Since first our hands we join'd, and mutual pledg'd
"Our faith. This happy day with me consume,
"With me, I pray, and with our little race." 526
And then she turn'd delighted looks to where
Their rosy infants, gay as dews of morn,
Spring buds of purple youth, sported around.
To this, of ardent feelings raptur'd, full,
Though all the father, all the husband rose
At once, and tides o'erflowing of rich joy
Almost his bosom burst, he answer made:
"Sweet sharer of my days, partner of bliss!
"Fear not: I leave thee for a little space,
"And long before brown night its shades extends
"Shall to thy arms return. Short absence makes
"True love more sweet." O man! how blest art
thou

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That blindness to the future veils the ills
Of pain's perspective length in friendly mist!
Hides what no art of prudence can avoid,
Or keeps from errors of ill-judging choice!
Placid Almeria sat, yet much depress'd,
And feign'd to force a smile to speak consent,
And wip'd in haste, a stealthful tear unseen,
That fear had dropp'd upon her downcast eye,
And check'd a sigh that apprehension rais'd,
Soft as when summer-ev'ning zephyrs stir
The crimson surface of the sleepy lake.

Now from the port th' impatient vessel steers,
And to the wanton gales the pregnant sails
Their bosoms gave, and gliding swift before
The fresh'ning breeze, that brushing kiss'd the wave,
The painted vessel danc'd, light, trim, and gay.
With equal speed the shores receding flew,
Till far into the azure main they stretch'd.
Deceitful morn! why didst thou smile so fair?
Shall nature be so false? The fresh'ning breeze
Swells to a gale, the shifting gale a storm,
That adverse grown with hopeless fury rag'd,
And access to the wish'd-for land deny'd.
Alas! poor Thelamont! thy drifting bark
Flies fast before the rising winds, that mad
And cruel wing thee from thy length'ning home,
The lov'd, the happy spot where vain await
Thy dearest cares, thy rosy smiling babes,

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The softest, sweetest partner of thy love.
Nor ev'ning greets thee now with the delights
Of infant sports, nor her kind arms that wrap
Thee in the blissful bow'r of love, and sooth
With nameless pow'r the many ills of life.
Far, far from these, and ev'ry soothing joy,
Art thou to dreary friendless night consign'd,
And all the horrors of the rough rude storm.

The closing eve, meantime, with moisten'd lids,
Sunk slow, and dark, on ocean's troubled bed,
And sympathetic melancholy frown'd,
While all around remorseless ruin reign'd.
Far on the turbid main her anxious eye
Almeria cast, where madness furious rag'd;
And through the thick'ning mist did fancy paint,
Last friend of grief, the vessel's distant form
That held the lord, the sharer of her heart.
Her children oft look'd thro' the dark'ning scene,
And in imagination's picture saw
The bark, and hail'd their parent's blest return:
For infancy is hope's propitious spring,
And made more keen Almeria's frantic woe.
Then e'en deceptive promise fail'd to cheat,
And dull, blank disappointment coldly chill'd.
Go, wrap your fondling arms, ye smiling babes!
Strain close your mother's breast! kiss, kiss
Away the tears that flowing fountains run,
And mingle pity's stream with her full tide;

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She needs your ev'ry soothing art, your wiles,
To mellow sharp distress; for never more
Shall she, save in your sweetly-dimpling cheeks,
That picture well remembrance of past love,
Th' unfading image of your sire behold!

Then ev'ry promise fail'd, and midnight's gloom
Deny'd each cheering thought; and, rolling slow,
In ebon darkness veil'd the stormy scene.

Here let the muse the fisher's wiles deplore;
Cruel delight! from native beds to drag
The wounded fools, and spoil their silv'ry scales,
And spotted pride, writh'd on the tort'rous hook,
In patient suff'rance dumb. Thrice blest be he
Who pity shows to the poor brutal race,
Consign'd by him, the parent of all good,
Who shelters all, to reason's manly rule,
And mild humanity's parental care!
Thrice blest be he! may mercy ever spread
Around his favour'd brow her faithful shield!

Hail! bounteous ocean, who the queen of isles,
Undaunted Britain, guard'st with constant care,
And bid'st her smile amid the rage of storms,
While Triumph wafts her navies o'er thy waves,
And bold Defiance ever wakeful keeps

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Her silver foaming shores. Grateful to thee
She owes her prowess, her protection owes,
And on invasion an indignant mien
Of conscious safety casts, while to her view
Her race of heroes in succession rise,
All who have fought, and in th' historic page
For ever live with deathless laurel crown'd.
Behold the awful train of shades august
That from the tomb start forth at mem'ry's call,
Who nobly taught invaders' pride to crouch
Beneath the vig'rous force of just defence.
Behold of spoiler Danes the virtuous scourge,
Alfred, wise, pious, good, and therefore great,
Who first the basis laid of naval pow'r
In this triumphant isle, that ever since
Has aw'd ambitious foes, resistless, firm,
While France and her allies in vain combin'd,
Assail'd this ruler of the stormy main.
Howard and his compeers, victors of Spain,
And that vain fleet invincible alone
By shameless folly nam'd, or impious pride;
And impious ever is th' invader's aim,
Who wills, by wicked thirst of rapine urg'd,
To spoil a nation's peace, and stain with blood
The sacred hearth of calm domestic peace.
Then Drake, the first who vent'rous dar'd explore
Th' ambient waters of the various world;
Hawkins, the native boast of that fam'd town
Where Plym translucent weds her past'ral tides
To th'impatient arms of Ocean rough;

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And Frobisher. Next letter'd Raleigh see,
Unjustly sentenc'd by perverted law!
And Blake, and Monk, Lawson, and Montague,
Who in the dreadful conflict three days brav'd
The force of boastful Tromp; Benbow and Hawke,
Victors of France; and, last, illustrious Howe.
These rise conspicuous 'mid a warlike host
Of British heroes sunk within the grave,
But not in dull oblivion idly sunk;
For long as faithful hist'ry holds her reign
Shall these, and many a brilliant star beside,
Shine forth bright constellations in the page
Of England's glorious tale. And ever may
Unsully'd honour lift the naval fame
Of this fair isle above an envious world,
And private virtue flourish more and more!
And many a splendid name the Muse could add
That, living, wears the laurel crown of fame,
To merit, and their grateful country dear.

But stay, my Muse, and yield thy reader rest,
Who now, perhaps, yawns listless o'er thy lines;
While creeping tedium, sleep-inspiring pow'r,
Dulls ev'ry sense, and wearies without toil.
Perhaps some pedant, from the college fresh,
Hating all modern song, fastidious, nice,
Disdainful, swoln with pomp of critic pride,
And terrible in learning's dread parade,
A solemn body void of soul, now views

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Thy page, and scorns with proud indifference,
Freezing each growing line fast as he reads;
Or some pretended friend, who candour boasts
While fault'ring praise hangs loth upon his tongue,
And livid envy palls his alter'd cheek,
Should but a single beauty peep forth once,
If single beauty may perhaps be here,
Amid the tiresome void of dreary road,
Like early primrose in a desert dell.
Alas! my muse, though weak, is yet too proud
To purchase flatt'ry, and by far too poor:
Humble her wish, that those her faults would spare
Whom she has never harm'd, and all her hope
To please the candid and ingenuous mind.
Yet one ambitious aim she freely owns,
To aid the cause of virtue, and revive.
Arm'd with thy panoply, unsully'd truth!
And, meaning well, no arrow she can feel
That flies from night's conceal'd obscurity,
Or in the day of open censure glares:
Pleas'd most when she can pleasure give, and light,
In breasts congenial, genuine answ'ring joy.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

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THE SEA:

A POEM.

IN TWO BOOKS.

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ARGUMENT TO BOOK II.

Address to Philosophy—Tides—Commerce—Should be subservient to the Purposes of Humanity—Description of Scenery near the Sea—A Dock-Yard—A Sea Fight—Digression—Evils of War—A Sea River—Night—A shipwrecked Mariner—Angelina—Description of Sea Animals—The Whale—The Shark—The Dorado, and others—Sea Fowl—Digression—Conclusion.

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THE SEA:

A POEM.

BOOK II.

HAIL, bright Philosophy! thou child of heav'n!
Last revelation of the Parent God!
Who sent his Newton, with th' exalted aid
Of science, to expand the rip'ning soul
Of man, in barbarous ages long obscur'd,
Like precious ore within the darksome womb
Of deep unfathom'd mines, till by that light,
That second light, the treasur'd stores were spread
Clear and inviting to the willing eye.
What could e'en sacred truth, in savage minds,
Where all the gen'rous feelings, all the springs
That give the nobler virtues active force,
Cherish the mutual sympathies, and feed
The vital heat of cheering charity,
And general love, were chain'd by bigot rage;
When all religion was an empty name,

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When crimes were sanction'd by mistaken zeal,
And intellectual gloom o'er cent'ries reign'd,
A wretched length of lamentable night?
Till from that chaos sprung the radiant sun,
Philosophy, that waken'd manly thought,
Diffusing beams celestial, chasing far
The melancholy mists that ign'rance shed
O'er nature's works, and o'er the moral world.
Then dull authority, with mould'ring dust
Defil'd, and tyrant rules and antique lore,
And superstition, timid of each breath
That reason utter'd, all before the light
Of proof experimental shrunk and dy'd.
On this firm basis true religion stood,
The wrangling schools declin'd, and practice shone
The living Mentor of th' unfetter'd mind;
And, led by comprehensive charity,
Embody'd and enliven'd holy truth.

Mysterious tides! Long were thy wond'rous laws
Deep hid from human search, till Newton came,
And with intelligence almost divine
Search'd nature's mystic works, and shew'd them good;
Each secret source of order trac'd, each spring
Reveal'd, and made the Parent God more clear.
He saw, he taught, how by th' attractive moon,
And by the beamy king of day, adverse,
Or with conjunctive pow'rs, the fluid mass,

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And sluggish earth, at once, are drawn and sway'd;
But most when she with glance averted turns
From earth, in shadowy mantle darkly veil'd,
E'er pregnant yet she fills her silver horns;
And then again with equal force prevails
When her full eye, with ardent gaze, admires
The distant glories of the solar orb.

By thee, wide-circling Ocean! commerce finds
The pleasing interchange of bounteous gifts,
Which nature pours profuse in ev'ry clime.
The smiling East kisses the ruddy West,
And the warm South, that woos the rigid North,
Its frozen bosom melts, and scatters large
Upon its rigid waste the flow'ry wreaths
That burst and brighten in the glowing zone.
Long navigation timid steer'd, and crept
Fearful around the windings of each coast,
Till sharp discov'ry, mark'd the wond'rous stone
That gives th' instinctive needle trembling sense.
The dauntless mariner now steers his course,
And trusts his frail bark to inconstant waves,
E'en though deny'd the light of faithful stars.
This first Columbus dar'd: superior he
To slavish prejudice, and sordid fear,
Who nobly sought and found a second world.
Who shall declare, what chance, within the womb
Of fruitful time, yet genders, and may call
Forth to the birth? Say, may not earthly man,

A tenant of the air, spread vent'rous wings,
Or glide in ocean's dark unfathom'd caves?
For who would ever believe, till Franklin stole,
Prometheus-like, th' ethereal fire from down,
Its native skies, that puny man should play
Harmless with that most dread artillery?
What mind, ere yet the deep-mouth'd cannon op'd
His murd'rous throat, could e'er conceive that Fate
Should from the nitrous powder wing his way,
And deal a distant death? Or who foresaw
The light balloon, ascending gay the skies,
A mimic planet, far above the reach
Of telescopic eyes? Who ponders these
May well conceive that time has yet in store
New births to change the face of human things.

Yes, Commerce, pride and wasteful luxury
Their grateful vows to thee may often pay
For bliss, which wakeful morn, or sultry noon,
Or midnight eve, or silent night bestow;
For winters warm'd, for summers cool'd by thee;
Free interchange of all that culture yields,
And all that partial nature lavish flings
On favour'd climes, to thee at once we owe
Her softest tissue silk, voluptuous weaves
The sleep-inviting couch to dress, or deck
The limbs in light and graceful elegance.
Matur'd by warmer skies, the bounteous vine
Her purple treasures pours profuse and rich;

With beauties kindling in the fervent ray,
The blushing clusters ope their rip'ning charms,
And bashful peep from forth their leafy veil,
And largely bleed, at once the joy and bane
Of man: for joy by heav'n design'd; profan'd
By him, who only errs, of all the works
Of God. For him, too, spicy groves and fruits,
With gold bedeck'd, in pendent glory droop;
And distant China gives her fragrant herb,
Indignant of our soil, refreshful tea,
Within whose harmless cup no poison lurks;
Belov'd by all who rev'rence temperance,
By riot's child disdain'd, and the rude sons
Of boist'rous Bacchus, bestial god, the foe
Of silence and of night. The luscious cane
Its palatable juice profusely yields;
Emblem of kindness, sweet'ning bitter life.
Nor be the lemon pale forgot, that blooms
Perennial fragrance and salubrious fruit,
With grateful coolness tempers fever's tongue,
And the parch'd lips of thirst. These Commerce gives;
Communicates, enlarges, and unites
The social soul, and all one kindred makes
The habitable globe. She amply spreads
The page of wisdom and immortal truth
To eyes by ign'rance dimm'd, the savage tames,
And with the lustrous torch of science lights
Th' obscurity of coarse unpolish'd life.
Such the fond wish philanthropy would breathe;

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Such, Commerce, be thy first, thy nobler aim!
But, ah! upon thy vent'rous course attend
Relentless avarice, and odious war,
And lust of reign, worst foes of human-kind:
These spoil, these blot creation's fairest scenes,
And banish lovely peace from every soil.
Ah, ruthless man! must murder mark thy steps?
O say, how nobler far to bless, to shew
To fellow-beings mercy, heav'n's first-born!
Stain not religion's vestments white with blood,
O Christian! worse than savage, who the trump
Of unjust war canst blow, the frightful sound
With dissonant and horrid notes proclaim,
And mad'ning nations rouse. Where has not waste
Pursu'd rough Europe's sons? so falsely nam'd
Refin'd, in all destructive arts refin'd.
To civilize, to temper barb'rous life,
To work the moral culture of the soul,
To graft the virtues in a novel soil,
Exalts the earthly man to heav'nly praise;
But foreign climes to visit and betray,
To spread the baneful seeds of native vice,
To cheat unguarded blind simplicity,
Is more destructive than the locusts' flight,
The swarming delegates of pestilence,
Whose numbers blot the light of faithful day.
Thou, injur'd Mexico, full many a tale
Of what thy tortur'd sons endur'd canst tell;
And thou, Peru, of what thy milder race:
And where the sun its morning throne ascends

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Has persecuting av'rice stretch'd, and shewn
What sad variety destructive man
On man can bring. And sits not now the love
Of gold nearer the heart than brother's love?
Whom do we visit to enrich with arts
That best can temper down the rebel mind,
And lead to happiness by virtue's laws?
For native simpleness we change our craft,
Rob them of wonted peace and innocence,
Well tutor'd in our vice, careless of truth
That can pour light and gladness on the soul.
O witness Africa, whose shores disturb'd
Utter one deep, one universal groan
That loudly echoes round from pole to pole.

Nor beauty decks alone the smiling land;
But clothes with grace the sea's far winding shores.
Here come, Dorinda! taste pure nature's charms,
Though never fairer, newer than in thee:
Here let us search her on the breezy beach,
And watch the gently rippling tide, that flings
The breath of freshness as it softly flows,
While ever wave on wave successive floats,
And scarcely murm'ring dies upon the shore;
Emblem of mortal man's too fleeting days!
Here let us moralise on airy schemes
Of mad ambition, and the busy crowd,
That press each other in the restless race,

Chasing gay gilded bubbles, fancy-form'd,
Till truth confounds them at the gates of death.

Yet millions, sunk in ease supine, ne'er deign
To taste thy bounteous universal gifts,
Prepar'd for ev'ry eye, for ev'ry sense.
But chief to th' all-conscious mind thou speaks't.
Oh! were the eye alone our only sense,
By seeing we might understand, alike
In the full blaze of day, or when in night
The mystic planets shine out praise: or were
All senses ear, the thunder's awful roll
Would loudly speak in terrible dismay.
Cost may monopolize the works of art,
But who shall e'er the mountain's space confine?
The forest's range? the widely-spreading lawn?
The valley's rich extent? the river's course,
That sweeps from hill, to hill; and broad defies
The measur'd bounds of circumscribing man?
Who shall the sun, and its all-cheering light,
Shut out? or hide that universal eye,
For universal sight at once bestow'd?
The meanest trav'ler joys at verdant fields,
And tastes the fragrance of the lib'ral spring;
The harmless birds, that flit from tree to tree,
On nature's ample common freely fly,
And pour sweet music e'en to thankless ears:
Then give me, gracious God! thy best gift, health,

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To seek thee in each green retreat, to climb
And early meet thee on the morning hill,
In sultry noon in shades, with thee to sit;
Or hear thy softer voice in gentle streams
That wind their course unquiet, while at eve
The fields and all the purple sky glow warm,
With colours dipt in heav'n's jacinthine light.

. . . . . .

Nor in the woodland seek I fancied gods,
The worn-out themes, unapt for modern times;
Nor fairy train, though sacred made to song
By one more dear than all of Grecian fame,
Immortal Shakspeare! fancy's fav'rite child!
Still in the gloom of reverential shades,
Or near the wand'ring stream, or deep'ning dell,
Or on the summit of the rudest craggs,
Or in the softer grace of rural scenes,
Still I confess the pow'r that fills all space,
Awes in the desert, and 'mid plenty smiles;
Guards my safe steps in danger's giddy maze,
And ever lives my shepherd and my shield.

. . . . . .

Now fiery Cancer rules the torrid air,
And flashes burning lustre from the sun,
Intolerable bounty! while to earth
Parch'd vegetation sickens and retires,
Impatient of the scorching ray, nor spreads
Her verdant mantle to the fainting Noon,

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Who listless lies upon the slumb'rous lawn,
And pants in vain for depth of leafy shade.
Mute is the tuneless hour, the fervid pulse
With fever burns, and throbs the aching heart;
While dazzling vapour from the thirsty earth
On wings pellucid glances in the day.
Hence let us seek yon deeply-cavern'd grot,
Where fluid coolness drops, whose temp'rate breath
Brings grateful succour to the conquer'd limbs.

. . . . . .

Sublimely nature sits on yonder mount
That lifts aspiring groves to purer skies!
High let us climb the pine-clad precipice,
And court the zephyr in the Doric fane,
Where solemn silence holds its sacred seat.
What splendid fullness feeds th' ecstatic eye
While summer spreads profuse its treasures round
In lavish pomp, in more than British scenes!
Mountains and vales with woody verdure dark,
The villa trim, the hamlet snug and warm,
The meadow's grassy green, the waving corn,
The river's blue extent, the bright'ning bays,
The cavern'd islands, and rock-girted shores,
With frowning forts and arsenals begemm'd,
And tow'r-crown'd towns, and steeples spiring tall:
The water's motion, all, with stately fleets
That proudly bear their bulk along, and shade
Old Neptune's green domain with swimming navies,
Pregnant with wanton winds; and painted barks,

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On gales of pleasure borne, or business bent,
That glide incessant o'er the shifting scene.

Haste to the busy docks, where noisy toil
Its task laborious plies, and sturdy strokes
Re-echo round th' astonish'd shores, while some
The massive anchor forge, the cable coil,
And all the instruments of naval pride.
There, cloth'd in majesty, Britannia's guard,
With ribs of natal oak, and lightning wing'd,
With painted streamers gay, and proud and huge,
The warlike vessel o'er the billows rides,
A floating world, and arbitress of fate,
Shaking with rival thunder's voice the skies.
Fam'd Albion! queen of islands! nurse of arts!
Behold, behold, thy fleets invincible
Deal devastation on th' astounded world!
See how the frowning batt'ries adverse range,
Tier above tier, and big with ruin threat!
See how they boldly bear upon the foe,
With bellying canvass large, or in the line
Of order rang'd, while stern destruction frowns
Upon the troubled main, and dire dismay,
And silent expectation, chill the heart,
And dread suspence. Now dauntless death his work
Begins, and horror rules the dark'ning day!
Their iron throats the fiery engines ope,
And pour a deluge of destruction round,
Fright'ning old Ocean from his oozy bed.

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Mingling the fight, dun, smoky volumes roll,
And baneful blacken all the blotted sun.
Loud deaf'ning Clamour roars, and Slaughter shouts,
Mid wounds and groans, while wild Confusion reigns,
And riots round. I see the vanquish'd sink,
While eddying whirlpool hurls them in its deep
Its dark abyss, and drowning thousands drinks,
Drawn headlong down to unrelenting fate.
Hark! Conquest sounds, and claps victorious wings,
While deathless Fame her joyous trumpet blows,
And fills with triumph all the gladden'd skies.
Let these, O Britons! claim thy constant care,
Thy glory and thy guard: nor e'er prefer
The soldier's costly pomp of gaudy whim.
Yet let the muse from gen'ral censure spare
Yon time-mark'd front, so nobly scarr'd. It speaks
Proud honour fairly won in virtue's cause;
Upon whose snowy head, and wrinkled brow,
Th' unfading crown of honest merit blooms.
For these your laurels twine. O let not e'er
True brav'ry lose its meed; nor e'er deny
The hapless wounded soldier hard-earn'd bread.
Worn in the tented field, fatigu'd, and spent,
Dress gay for him the balmy bow'r of bliss,
And spread for weary limbs the bed of rest:
For virtuous courage merits highest praise.
But let not foreign interests sap thy strength;
Of fruitless triumphs e'er beware; nor yet

With vain importance, boast of balanc'd pow'r,
The laugh and scorn of Europe's envious sons,
Who joy to see thee waste thy proper wealth,
Thy native strength, in battles not thy own!
Nourish thy oaks, and all their rev'rend groves,
And let thy navies pour their terrors round,
From sea-crown'd Victory's wings: but O beware,
Beware, my countrymen! your cause be just,
Or never wield thy murd'rous lightning's bolt!
Hence, horrid war! benignant Nature's waste!
Whose ever-teeming pow'r can ill supply
Thy furious and insatiate appetite.
Hard on thy steps treads loathsome Poverty,
And haggard Famine, and gaunt Pestilence,
And gen'ral undistinguishing Dismay:
Whilst thou, upon a nation's spoils, alone
Canst feed a fawning crew, that rob the hive
Their labour ne'er contributes to enrich.
O sin 'gainst nature! O thou foulest blot
That stains the human race! makes reason blush,
And mercy weep, and hurries back the soul
To Gothic darkness; which religion's light,
And mild philosophy, had taught to walk
In blessed paths, and soar to higher seats.
Sport of the proud, and mis'ry of mankind!
Madness of few, and folly of the many!
Tho' drest in gorgeous pride, and deck'd with all
That can deformity conceal, thou ill
Canst hide thy hideous shape. I see thee roll
Thy fiery eyes, fiercer than tiger's glare!

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I see thee wade in seas of brothers' blood!
Ah! drunk with widows' tears, I see thee foam,
And mock a mother's groans! Shaking thy torch,
The wasted cities flame, the village shrieks!
Ruin with thee, and all the family
Of death, and dark inventive mischief, stalk.
'Tis well that this round world is form'd to curb
Boundless Ambition's all-destructive course.
Tremendous ocean! not in vain thy waste.
Art thou not Nature's barrier, and thy God's,
To stay th' insatiate rage of furious man,
Thro' wicked lust of conquest who would spoil
The peace of unsuspecting innocence?
Ye seas, ye mountains rude whose hoary heads
Divide this globe, how blest your lofty pride,
That stay the ravage of impetuous war,
Obstructing ills of man from fellow man!

Come, gentle Peace! thou friend of useful arts!
Thou genial summer of the moral world!
Celestial joy! O deign, once more, to heal
This harass'd isle! O give thy heav'n again!

Hence, let us haste, and spread the silken sail
On Pleasure's smooth meand'ring stream, that winds
'Mid meadows white with flocks, 'mid wavy woods
And hills with golden harvests crown'd. Meantime

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Sweet music floats, and tuneful echoes round;
On all the circling shores, concordant rise
From out their secret cells, of airy crag
Or delved dell, and catch the floating sounds,
As swells the concert from the gilded barge,
And ev'ry strain prolongs the balmy breeze.
Now silence holds the genius of the scene,
While waken'd rapture joys ecstatic round.
The bark now backward seems the flying shores
To trace, that giddy run: now thro' the grove
Darts swift, and all its night of shade: now bursts
On rich variety of glitt'ring day:
While far the sinuous stream, its silver arms
Deep winding, creeps along; and sees, within
Its azure glass, wild rocks high beetling hang,
And fringed reeds that tremble to the gale,
And shadowy shapes, till ocean's toiling tide
Its travels ends, and meets the past'ral flood
That foaming, mingling, weds with mutual waves.
Nor let us quit thy seat, enchantment, yet,
Till slowly-musing Night scarce whisp'ring treads;
In deep repose till tranquil nature sleeps.
Scarce heaves the placid sea while o'er its breast
Eve's brilliant star her trem'lous ray displays,
And the chaste moon, upon the mountain's brow,
Her neighbour, queen of meekness, rides; like calm
Content the one, and beauty's eye the next.
Nor stirs a breath: and lambent light gleams soft.
A fiery wave the glitt'ring oar divides,
And dubious conflagration mocks the sight.

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Open, ye deeps, your darksome caverns wide,
And shew what beings haunt your secret cells,
And live beneath the crystal canopy
Of your translucent mass! on coral beds
What fluid spirits of the water play,
And build their magic palaces all fair
With speckled shells, with pearls, and lucid gems
That shine unknown to greedy eyes; and all
The ruins of the shipwreck'd mariner;
For many a mournful tale could pity tell
Of strange mischance that waits the sailor's life;
And fancy well can draw such dire mishap.

See, on the lonely beach, how pensive, lorn,
Yon solitary outcast treads, cut off
From converse and sweet interchange of soul.
Rude is the blast that flings his hoary locks
Disorder'd, loose; and rude the icy gale
That pierces keen his furrow'd tear-worn cheek;
Pursuing still with malice harsh, like proud
Success insulting poor Misfortune's child.
Late in the greedy gulph unfeeling waves
His stranded vessel drank, his precious all,
His merchandize far sought, by danger earn'd,
The strength of manhood, and the stay of age;
His children's too, and his dear partner's stay;
And he alone escap'd to tell his woes
To solitude and solemn silence drear,
Or to deaf winds, and ear-confounding waves;

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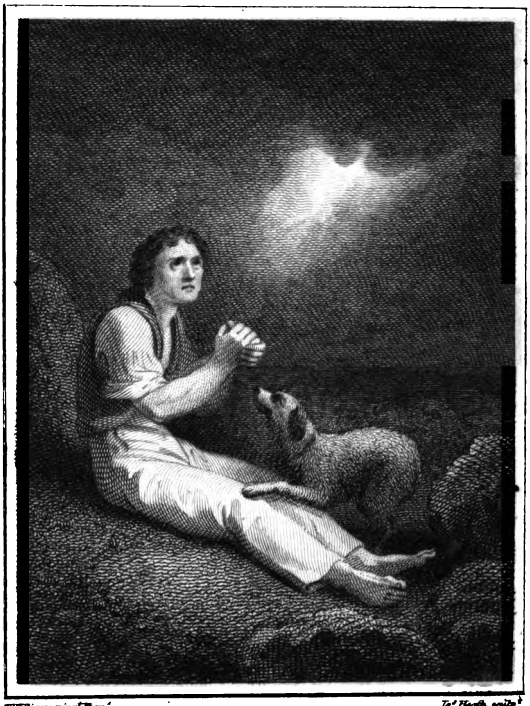

T. Williams, pinx.t Tym.' Ja.s Heath, sculp.t

Then sits he down & weeps & wrings his hands.

See Book 2 Line 4[illegible]

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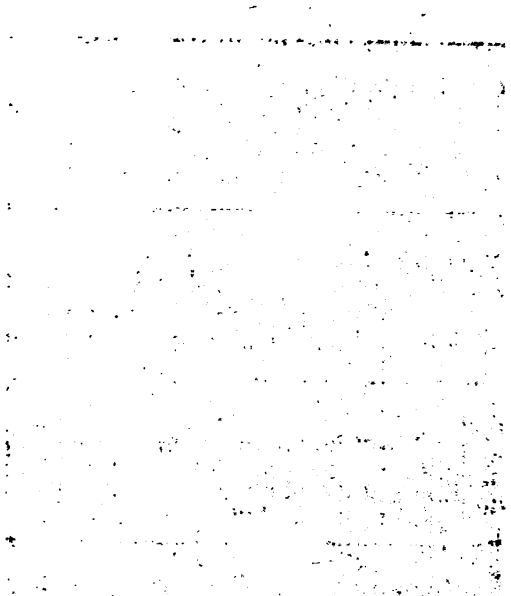

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To bear the load of ever-during grief.
Oft sits he down, and thinks the doubtful gale
Far distant flings the sound of village bells;
Hears voices in the breeze that wake his woe,
Then die, and make remembrance bleed afresh.
Then talks with echo in some silent vale,
Then writes he in the sand his piteous tale,
By the next flowing tide defac'd, and sighs
To think his date of pain more durable.
Or if he chance to find some vestige sad
Of shipwreck'd wretches, hugs the hopeless pledge
Of fellow suff'rance; taught, with keener sense,
By that best teacher, hard adversity,
Another's pain to pity, and to feel.
Alas! to him the barren waste, the morn
That joyless beams, the live-long day, are all
He sees, he owns, save his poor faithful dog,
His sole companion now, and only friend;
And oft they sport, and oft endearments change,
While wistful in the master's face he looks,
And wags his tail; with fix'd and earnest eye,
And dumb expression, speaks fidelity.
Of home the mourner thinks, and eager strains
His weary eyes, till fancy paints afar,
Deceitful in th' horizon paints, the form
Of friendly vessels, steering large with sail
Propitious spread; but disappointment comes,
And steals the dizzy picture fancy draws.
Then sits he down, and weeps, and wrings his hands,
And heaves deep groans; and looks, and weeps
again;

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His daily solace, and his task, to count
The tedious measure of unvaried woe.

And see where one, a lovely mourner, strays,
And eyes the wave intent; and ever as
She turns aside her face, a piteous sigh
She heaves, that almost bursts her swelling breast.
'Tis Angelina's form: I know the maid.
Once not a brighter star of heav'n e'er shone:
How clouded now! how sunk in misty grief!
That flings her lily where the rose late bloom'd.
I see thee, beauteous ruin! child of woe!
Shade with thy snowy hand thy iv'ry brow:
'Tis there thy sorrow rests; there reason fails,
Disturb'd and shook upon its proper throne.
Again that snowy hand thy bosom holds!
Panting and struggling there thy cureless grief
Incessant feeds, and rankles fix'd. The fair
A lover had, fond as the kissing breeze
That woos in spring the purple violet;
Faithful as holy truth; but him the sea
Swallow'd within its wild insatiate waste.
Since that disastrous hour she never joy'd;
For reason fled: and oft she seeks the strand,
Or on a pointed rock sits wrapp'd in gloom,
Mute as the monument, and still expects
Each flowing wave will waft her lover's corpse
Before her rainy eyes; though now, alas!
In tedious length successive years have view'd
Her sorrows, pass'd, and left her still forlorn.

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Be hush'd, ye waves! I hear her woe-tun'd voice;
The melancholy cadence melts my soul.
It is too much. Why, sorrow, wound the dove?
Why lights thy vengeful arrow on the lamb?
Why stain the bosom of unsullied snow?
" Why didst thou leave these arms (the mourner cries),
" And give inconstant elements such chance?
" Where have ye laid him, O ye sea-green nymphs!
" In what deep cave hold ye his precious form?
" Are not his eyes now jewels, made to light
" Your fathomless abyss? His bones are pearl,
" His flowing hair fantastic weeds; his lips
" True coral now, where late sweet dimpling smiles
" Sat fair, like cherubs on a rosy cloud.
" O give him back, thou all-devouring deep!
" Or lay me with him in thy oozy grave!"

Poor luckless maid! may He thy sorrows heal,
Alone who can! for never here below
Shall smiling morn bring cheerful light to thee;
For thou, poor wounded deer, must pine in shades,
Deep pierc'd with sorrow's dart, till friendly death
Shall close thy eyes, and wrap thee still in peace.

Who shall recount the tribes that cleave the deep?
Not he who can the galaxy discern,
When in the night serene the optic tube

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Exact the glitt'ring canopy surveys;
Or countless sands to numbers all reduce:
So vast the shoals that migrate round from clime
To clime, or clothe in ease supine the rock.

Where round the pole his throne eternal frost
Uplifts, and ever unrelenting reigns;
Where to immeasurable deserts white
The shaggy bear stalks horrid, rough, and roars
Till frighted nature trembles at his rage;
When icy mountains shake, convuls'd and torn,
And crash, in dreadful conflict, closing round,
Th' astounded sailor, big with fate; when now
His dextrous art scarce stems the drifting mass,
The monstrous whale there tempests all the deep;
His bulky race now thinn'd by human foes.
Though huge, yet meek as docile elephants,
That never prove their force, when unprovok'd.
So has he will'd, whose perfect laws declare
That might is best with gentleness conjoin'd,
And to resist oppression best employ'd.

More dread, the king of terrors, the fierce shark
Strikes horror in the finny race; nor less
To man. His eyes with burning lightnings dart
The bolt of death; his jaws, a rav'nous tomb,
Mortally rank'd six-fold with hostile teeth,
Insatiate ope; hell gapes profound. Swift as

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Resistless winds he rushes through the wave.
Destruction spoils, and famine flies before,
And trembling and pale fear. White boils the flood,
While flying shoals his ceaseless hunger feed.
With pointed steel well arm'd, the negro dives
Expert, and dares the monster to the fight.
Now backward roll'd, the flound'ring tyrant aims
The blow of sudden fate. With vengeful blade
He plies the frequent wound, till all around
With murder's crimson tides the waters blush.

Lovely in death the gay Dorado shines;
Him partial nature paints: with specious pride
Bedropp'd his glist'ning scales profusely gleam.
And, lo! what timid shoals before him haste!
On treach'rous wings upborn, and safety seek!
But direr foes await; for as they try
Inhospitable air, what million flocks
With rav'nous beak their little journey watch!
And say, O man! is not thy transient life
Well pictur'd here? thy danger-fraught pursuits?
Now throw the baited hook, and now deceive
The tyrant. Drag him from his watry reign.
Now flound'ring see the beauteous traitor die,
While shifting hues in rich succession play.
Lover of calm, his countless colonies
The azure mackarel leads to summer shores.
The salmon sports within the boist'rous flood,
Or, led by instinct, seeks the cool retreat

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Of shadowy woods; o'erleaps the foaming fall;
And trusts, as if by sad experience taught,
The many ills of more tumultuous life,
His future breed to quiet's safer seat.

More would the Muse relate: the silver smelt;
The sinuous eel, slippery as hollow fraud;
The side-long crab; the lobster firmly arm'd
With shining coat of mail, external bones;
And multitudes that ill with verse accord.

Dull parasites, for ever fix'd, some pass
A changeless sluggish life in glutt'nous joys:
And, oh! how like to those who reason boast,
While gross intemp'rance chains th' aspiring soul!
Anemone, half vegetable, spreads
His hundred arms the rising tide to greet,
And snatch each fearful insect in its snares.
His throne usurp'd the soldier-fish enjoys.
Transparent on the wave medusa floats,
A gelid mass. Deep in the shifting sand
The razor hides immur'd. The cuttle shrewd
Rapine escapes, in inky clouds involv'd.
The dunce thus arguments of wit confounds
By dull, unmeaning, and chaotic words.

How soft the blush that tints the shelly tribe!
How mazy fancy paints their freckled backs!

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How beauty shapes their forms! peculiar grace!
Some spread bivalv'd. In circling cells enroll'd
The turbinated tribe securely dwell,
Lone cloister'd tenants of the dreary deep.

Nor be the feath'ry force forgot. Some made
To ride the wilder surf, and mock the storm,
Or dive the deep, obtruding foreigners!
The native of the element who spoil,
See how they eager watch the rippling tide!
Secure above the wave, and lifted high,
The meagre shag, picture of famine, stalks.
Some like the stately bark, of victory proud,
In naval contest crown'd, triumphant ride.
The swan, with feet well webb'd, his dextrous oar,
And self-admiring, sails in conscious state:
His arched neck and snowy bosom swells
Light on the emerald wave. His glossy plume
Of golden green the dappled duck anoints
With self-extracted oil, and joys to shake
From down his azure wing the cheated stream;
While some more coy distrust our faithless haunts,
And fly to solitudes by treach'ry's steps
Seldom profan'd. Soft let me steal, unseen,
Upon the bashful people, close conceal'd,
And clatt'ring far within the sedgy shade.

High on yon tow'ring cliff, and dizzy brow,
Whence, fathoms far below, the roaring sea,

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By distance hush'd to whisp'ring murmurs sinks,
Scarce heard by him whose vent'rous spirit dares
O'erlook the frightful precipice, what flocks
Darken the panting air with ceaseless sweep!
What awe inspires! Here on the pebbly beach
Oft let me tread, and deeply muse of Him
Who lifts the swelling waves, and can alone
Their madness still. Rough the hoar breakers foam.
Lover of storm, shrill shrieks the sailing gull.
On distant shores, where never plenty smiles,
The hungry native climbs where danger nods
Upon the headlong steep, trembling from rock
To rock, above the nether clouds; or, swung
Midway on slender cords, he trusts frail life
To seek precarious food. How giddy sight
Sickens as fancy views his deep descent!
Hard is thy lot, O never-ceasing toil!
Though slothful luxury and callous pride,
On their soft couches idly canopied,
Studiously court fastidious change, nor dream
What ills await the humbler lot. How, when
The storm beats loud, and they on downy beds
Dissolve in sleep, the seaman drench'd nods on
The reeling mast, rock'd by the piping winds:
How hungry want prepares her scanty food,
And scarce can blow into reluctant flame
Her few and joyless sticks, far fetch'd from wood
Forlorn, or tangled hedge. On these reflect,
Unseemly pomp, and silken affluence,
And bless thy better stars! and bless the pow'r
That shines on thee in full meridian ray!

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And ope the lib'ral hand, and scatter large;
And He shall bless thy goings out, and all
Thy doubtful paths. But still beware, lest sloth
And shameless prodigality partake
Thy gifts, alone by industry deserv'd.
And thou, safe mediocrity! remov'd
From perilous extreme, and ever crown'd
With cheerful ease, cherish instructive thought,
And brighter still will glow thy sky serene.

Of all the dangers of the stormy main,
While thus the Muse has sung, and deem'd herself
Secure, and sought to deck her sea-beat grot,
In hope to sooth maternal age, and cheer
The eve of life, came treach'rous death, and aim'd
A sudden blow, an arrow fix'd within
This sadd'ning breast, that long will rankle there;
For with that sudden blow a parent fell.
Scarce had the gloomy tyrant ceas'd to wound,
And scarce had time with lenient hand apply'd
His balm to woe, when thus a second fell.
O say, ye truly feeling! ye who boast
The fond delights of kind parental love,
And pay the debt of filial gratitude,
And call your daily duty daily joy;
O say, what pangs must rend this aching heart!
Peace to your shades, ye venerable names,
Ye who with love sustain'd my infant years,
And still pursu'd, with fondest wishes, all

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My paths! Yet one, one joy is mine, more high
Than rich inheritance, that all your cares
Were not forgot, and were, perhaps, repaid.

So fluctuates the main of human life,
By tempests toss'd, the sport of accident.
Turn then, my soul, to thy eternal rest,
Thy better hope, thy sure support, and guide,
That Being infinite who rules o'er all;
Beneficent, almighty, perfect, pure;
For ever bounteous, and for ever good;
Of love immutable; whene'er the storms
Of mortal strife distract thy troubled soul,
And the deep torrent waters overwhelm,
In ev'ry chance, still ever turn to him,
And whisper heav'nly peace;—for know he reigns,
In time, or past, or present, or to come,
Unchanging ever, ever yet the same.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

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NOTES to BOOK I.

PAGE 144, LINE 300.

"Whence are the secret springs, that daily feed."

THE primary cause of the saltness of the sea has never been explained with any degree of accuracy. It does not seem capable of admitting an illustration from experiment. There are, however, three principal opinions on this subject, which have been maintained by philosophers of modern date.

Some, observing that river water, almost in every part of the globe, is, in a greater or less degree, impregnated with sea salt, have thought that the sea has gradually acquired its present quantity of salt from the long continued influx of rivers.

Other philosophers, observing that large beds of fossile salt are not unfrequent in any quarter of the globe, and conceiving with great probability the bottom of the sea to be analogous in its formation to the surface of the earth, have undertaken to derive its saltness from the beds of rock salt, which they have supposed to be situated at the bottom; and they are further of opinion, that, without such a permanent saline principle, the sea would long since have become insipid, from the fresh water poured into it by an infinity of rivers.

Boyle unites, as it were, the two preceding hypotheses, and takes the saltness of the sea to be supplied, not only from rocks and other masses of salt, which in the beginning were, or in some countries may yet be found, either at the bottom of the sea, or at the sides, where the water can reach them; but also from the salt, which the rivers, rains, and other waters, dissolve in their passage through divers parts of the earth, and at length carry with them into the sea. Buffon, and the generality of philosophers, acquiesce in the opinion of Boyle.

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After all, it may be observed, that we are enquiring into the cause of a phenomenon, which, it may be said, had no secondary cause at all. It is taken for granted, in this disquisition, that the water, which covered the globe in its chaotic state, was not impregnated with salt at present, but quite fresh; now this is an opinion concerning a matter of fact, which can never be proved either way; and surely we extend our speculations very far, when we attempt to explain a phenomenon primeval to, or coeval with, the formation of the earth.

Vide *Watson's Chemical Essays.*

PAGE 145, LINE 339.

"Nor art thou e'er with viewless air unmixt."

The quantity of water contained in the air, even in the driest weather, is very considerable. We may be said to walk in an ocean: the water, indeed, of this ocean, does not ordinarily become the object of our senses: we cannot see it; nor, whilst it continues dissolved in the air, do we feel that it wets us; but it is still water, though it be neither tangible nor visible; just as sugar, when dissolved in water, is still sugar, though we can neither see it nor feel it.

We may conclude, that the Almighty, when he separated the chaotic mass into the air and water, did not render these two oceans of matter so wholly heterogeneous from each other, as that they should be incapable of contracting any union together; they have, on the contrary, such a disposition to unite, as seems to indicate their having had a common origin; and, were it not for the intervention of heat, they would probably unite, and again compose a common mass. The water on the surface of the earth is constantly replete with air, and the atmosphere is replete with water. The numerous tribe of aquatic animals, which inhabit the ocean of water, would perish, if it contained no air; and it is not an improbable conjecture, that the animals, which exist in this ocean of air, would perish, if it contained no water. The air, moreover, by being absorbed into the water, and afterwards separated from it by the action of the sun, to which it is daily exposed,

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is rendered abundantly more fit for animal respiration than common air; and this purified air (the quantity of which, considering the great extent of the surface of the earth which is covered with water, must be very considerable) cannot but be one great means of restoring to the whole mass of air those salubrious qualities, of which it is daily deprived by the respiration of animals, the putrefaction of bodies, the combustion of fuel, and other causes.

Ibid.

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NOTES TO BOOK II.

PAGE 180, LINE 540.

"More dread, the king of terrors, the fierce shark."

Of all the inhabitants of the deep, those of the shark kind are the fiercest and most voracious. But the great white shark joins to the most amazing rapidity, the strongest appetites for mischief: as he approaches nearly in size to the whale, he far surpasses him in strength and dexterity, in the formidable arrangement of his teeth, and his insatiable desire of plunder.

The depredations he commits are frequent and formidable. The shark is the dread of sailors in all hot climates; and such is his frightful rapacity, that nothing which has life is rejected. To man, however, it seems to have a peculiar enmity. When once it has tasted human flesh, it never desists from haunting those places where it expects a return of its prey. It is even asserted, that along the coasts of Africa, numbers of the negroes, who are obliged to frequent the waters, are seized and devoured by them every year.

Upon the whole, a shark, when living, is a very formidable animal; and when dead, of little or no value. The flesh is hardly digestible by any but the negroes, who are fond of it to distraction; the liver affords three or four quarts of oil; some imaginary virtues have been ascribed to the brain; and its skin is, by great labour, polished into that substance called shagreen.

Vide *Goldsmith's Animated Nature.*

PAGE 181, LINE 556.

"Lovely in death the gay Dorado shines."

The Dorado, by sailors erroneously termed the Dolphin, is chiefly found in the tropical climates, and is at once the most active and

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the most beautiful of the finny race. It is about six feet long; the back all over enamelled with spots of a bluish green and silver; the tail and fins of a gold colour; and all have a brilliancy of tint, that nothing but Nature's pencil can attain to: the eyes are placed on each side of the head, large and beautiful, surrounded with circles of shining gold. In the seas where they are found, these fish are always in motion, and play round ships in full sail, with ease and security: for ever either pursuing or pursued, they are seen continually in a state of warfare; either defending themselves against the shark, or darting after the smaller fishes.

Of the latter, the flying fish, a small animal, seldom growing above the size of a herring, is chiefly sought by the Dorado. Nature has furnished each respectively with the powers of pursuit and evasion. But though the extraordinary fins with which the flying fish is furnished, enable it, by rising in the air, for a long time to elude its pursuer, yet the active enemy still keeps in view, till at length the poor little creature is seen to dart to shorter distances, to flutter with greater effort, and to drop down at last into the mouth of its fierce destroyer. But not the Dorado alone, all animated nature seems combined against this little fish, which seems possessed of double powers, only to be subject to greater dangers: for should it escape from its enemies of the deep, yet the tropic bird and the albatross are ever on the wing to seize. Thus pursued in either element, it sometimes seeks refuge from a new enemy: and it is not unfrequent for whole shoals of them to fall on shipboard, where they furnish man with an object of useless curiosity.

Buffon's Natural History.

PAGE 182, LINE 587.

"Anemone, half vegetable, spreads."

This peculiar animal is so called from its claws or tenticles being disposed in regular circles, and tinged with a variety of bright lively colours, resembling the petals of some of our most beautiful flowers. As to one species, particularly, mentioned by Abbé Diequemarre, the purest white carmine and ultramarine are said to be scarce sufficient to express their brilliancy. The bodies of

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some of them are hemispherical, of others cylindrical, and of others shaped like a fig. Their substance likewise differs; some are stiff and gelatinous, others fleshy and muscular; but all of them are capable of altering their figures, when they extend their bodies and claws in search of food. They are found on many of the rocky coasts of the West India islands, and likewise on some parts of the coast of England, near Plymouth, and elsewhere.

PAGE 182, LINE 590.

"His throne usurp'd, the soldier-fish enjoys."

The soldier is a species of fish, the fore parts of which resemble the lobster. The hinder parts are tender and undefended. It therefore usurps the shells of other fish.

PAGE 182, LINE 591.

"Transparent on the wave Medusa floats."

Medusa, in zoology, a genus of Vermes, belonging to the order of Mollusca. The body is gelatinous, roundish, and depressed; and the mouth is in the centre of the under part of the body. Many species, on being handled, affect with a nettle-like burning, and excite a redness. Their phosphoric quality is well known, nor was it overlooked by the ancients. Pliny observes, that if rubbed with a stick, it will appear to burn, and the wood to shine all over. The same naturalist observes, that when they sink to the bottom of the sea, they portend a continuance of bad weather.

Their species are very various: 1. The Aurita, or Aurited Medusa, which appears, when floating on the water, to be a mere lifeless lump of jelly. 2. The Capellata is a very singular animal, appearing also a lump of whitish semi-pellucid jelly, and may be as easily broken and destroyed by the touch as the common jellies brought to our tables. This species is to be met with in vast abundance, on the surface of the water, about Sheppey Island, in Kent. 3. The Marsupialis, or Purse Medusa, is semi-oval, with four tendons on the edge. It inhabits the Mediterranean. 4. The

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Waved Medusa has the edges waved, with fangs on the projecting parts; four orifices beneath, between which rises a stem, divided into eight large ragged tentacula.

These animals swim in large companies, in search of food, with their tentacula in continual motion, with which they seize their prey, and convey it to their mouths: they vary in size, the largest being about eight inches in diameter. So powerful is their embrace, that whatever prey comes within their reach, never escapes. They feed on insects, small fish, &c.

PAGE 182, LINE 593.

"..... The cuttle shrewd."

The cuttle is said to have the property, when pursued by an enemy, of discharging a black substance, resembling ink, by which it is involved in a cloud of obscurity, and thus escapes.

PAGE 185, LINE 673.

"..... a parent fell."

The author had the misfortune, during the progress of this publication, to lose, by sudden death, his only surviving parent.

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SONNET.

TO A THRUSH.

Melodious songster! on the waving spray,
You never close your lids in gentle sleep,
Or see the sun descend its airy steep,
Without a pious hymn to parting day:
You never see the golden morning's ray
Unprais'd, ascending from the rosy deep:
Still each return in sacred acts you keep,
And for each bounty give a thankful lay.
Not so does man his grateful off'ring raise
For greater bounties, which each day may bring,
Since he forgets his tributary praise;
To wake remembrance thus you kindly sing:
Then blest the lay—so form'd, at once, to please,
And lift the soul to heav'n, on music's wing.

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THE

SUMMER'S EVE.

A POEM.

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ARGUMENT.

The Poem commences with a Description of Evening at the Time when the Sun first declines towards the Horizon—The Author ascends an Eminence; Objects noted in the Ascent; he reaches the Summit; Prospect seen from thence—Evening and its Pleasures described—The Calm of the Scenery naturally inspires Reflections on Rural Life, and induces a Comparison between the Blessings of our insular Situation, who are thereby removed from feeling the immediate Distresses of War, and those Countries which form the Theatre of it—The happy State of the Country in the Enjoyment of internal Tranquillity, and in the Absence of Civil Discord—Description of a Village laid waste by War; contrasted by Remarks on the Delights of Peace—Sunset—Descent from the Eminence—Picture of a Farm—Domestic Life—Tender Affections given to promote present Happiness in the lower as well as higher Situations of Society—Exemplification of the latter in the Story of Morillio and Glycine—Poetic Descriptions of the Joys of Rural Life often Fiction; instanced in a poor Cottage—Vice destructive of the Benefits of Benevolence; suggested by a View of the Seat of Village Debauchery—The Church—The beneficial and happy Effects of the Sunday—The aged Clerk—Twilight.

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THE

SUMMER'S EVE.

Εν δ' επιτ' ουκανῳ λαμπρον φαος ηλιοιο
Ελκον νυκτα μελαιναν επι ζειδωρον αρουραν.
Hom. Iliad. Book viii. l. 485.

Jam procul summa villarum culmina fumant;
Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ.
Virgil.

Day's radiant king, amid refulgent glow,
Now sinks on Eve's enamour'd bosom slow;
Enthron'd in clouds majestic round him roll'd;
While all the landscape melts in fluid gold:
Save where the purple shades, a misty train,
Steal in transparence o'er the mellow'd plain;
Steal o'er retiring fields, o'er dark'ning woods,
O'er shadowy mountains, and o'er blushing floods.
Yon sleepy lake, yon stream that winds in haze,
Yon soft'ning distance catch th' ethereal blaze.

See! from the fading tow'r, the glitt'ring spire
Shoots a long beam of far reflected fire!

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The eastern hill a softer blush displays;
And all the flocks are tipt with parting rays:
Intent they nibble on the daisy'd plain,
And step by step a silent progress gain;
Their shadows length'ning, misty, and serene,
Stretch their thin forms across the level green.

Now ardent Toil and Motion sleep oppress'd;
How still the scene! what peace! what balmy rest!
No breath dares o'er the conscious water play,
Kiss its smooth face, or quiver in the spray;
Where in Reflection's mirror Pleasure sees
Depending clouds, and hills, and misty trees;
The dazzling turrets, and the crag's prone brow;
The brown deep wood, a night of gloom below;
The dubious objects of the brimful brink,
The herds, the spotted deer that bend to drink,
The stately swan, the painted halcyon bright,
In all the shifting hues of varied light.
Dimples the leaping fish the soft expanse,
Amusive, round, diverging ringlets dance;
In broken lines the watery landscape plays;
A trembling waste of undulating rays.
But, see! the fair reflector stills again,
And Calmness smiles upon the placid plain!

Now Silence, sister of the soothing hour,
Holds Nature lock'd in her enchanting pow'r;

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The peasant to his wood-side cot draws near,
His rival prattling infants joys to hear,
Who eager run his late return to meet,
Claim the fond kiss, and clamorously greet,
While rapture fills his heart with feelings giv'n
Alike to low or great by equal heav'n.
I see his roof 'mid branches intricate;
I hear him close the far-resounding gate;
It breaks the solemn pause of rural peace,
For sound and shadow both with night increase.
To give the musing mind congenial aid,
The far-off bells, more sweet by distance made,
O'er the smooth waters take their tuneful way:
Now hear the thrush prolong his twilight ray;
The cuckoo, shy and lone, who sings by stealth;
The distant rookery's factious commonwealth;
The ceaseless bleatings of the echoing vale;
The linnets trilling in the yellow dale.

Bright through the wood bursts Evening's glorious gleam!
'Mid the green leaves in many a radiant stream!
The trees, whose antique trunks the fringing moss,
And various lichens, curiously emboss,
Deep in their dewy shades of verdant night,
Catch the last glare, and glow with burnish'd light.

Now slow-pac'd Contemplation, eyeing earth,
Gives sober truth, and new idea birth.

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She beckons to her over-arched shades,
Or to the crag above the purpling glades;
With her she calls me to the nodding brow,
To note the gradual changing scene below.

And, now, within the close lane's shade I stray,
Quick in the sun-beams clouds of insects play;
The sun-beams streaming through the hazel hedge,
Or playful on the green leaf's quivering edge.
Releas'd from school, behold! an infant race!
Joy in each eye, and health in every face;
Their hands all loaded with the fox-glove spoil,
And gold-cups pilfer'd from the meadow soil.
How sweet the cheek! O how divinely fair!
Yet pure from guilt, uncanker'd yet by care,
Smile on, sweet innocents! ere yet betray'd!
For soon shall pain your harmless steps invade;
Vice on your vernal bud insidious prey;
Ah! then, farewel the bosom calm and gay!
Youth sports like Summer, an Italian scene,
Where day-spring lights the cloudless blue serene;
O'er manhood's gaiety dark vapours low'r,
Mere winter beams just gleaming through a show'r.
Pluck flow'rs, sweet innocents, while yet ye may;
For few, and brief, adorn your future way;
The birds and gilded butterflies pursue;
Man grasps at fleeting trifles too, like you;
But, ah! with hands less pure; and for those toys
His mental peace, his innocence destroys!

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And now I gain the mountain's pendent brow,
Oh! heavens! what million glories burst below!
Where, circled by th' horizon's golden zone,
Resplendent Evening mounts her ruby throne:
The mingling mountains, seeming clouds serene,
Expand a rich, a visionary scene;
Hills, seas, and woods, profusely crowded lie,
All warmly, softly, melting into sky.
The distant city, seat of grandeur, fades;
True human greatness sinking into shades!
And near the variegated landscape spreads;
Steep mountains soaring high with barren heads;
Dark nodding woods their shaggy sides adorn,
And sloping fields where waves the floating corn;
There calm and sober sits a green repose,
There flaunts the flow'r, there ardent colour glows;
In flaming mantle gaudy yellow lies;
The ground with scarlet there the poppy dyes;
There ochre tints prevail; and ruddy now
The soil's red bosom furrow'd by the plough;
And there a steepy road o'er mountains winds;
And there a path the tree-hid cottage finds;
And there, from burning turf, the smoke dispreads,
Condensing mist pursues the rivers beds.
Serene as heav'n expands the glassy lake,
The wily rivers sinuous courses take;
And hallow'd Stillness, and unbroken Rest,
Sleep soft on rosy Ether's balmy breast.
The farm speaks happiness; and, on the hill,
Th' inviting church looks out divinely still.

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From opening clouds, in long diverging beams,
Behold, what full, what brilliant lustre streams!
And there, on golden wings, the wand'ring light
Flits momentary o'er the woodland height;
Now tips the rocks, now cheers the sombrous hills,
Gilds the broad seas, and silvers o'er the rills.

Hail! Ev'ning, hail! thou soft, thou fav'rite hour;
Oft let me court thy museful, pensive pow'r:
Thou sabbath of each day, that giv'st the oppressed
The cheering taste of temporary rest,
Semblance of happiness beyond the grave,
Thy blissful hour transports the woe-worn slave;
When sprightly Frolic, at thy kind advance,
His chain unlocks, and winds the oblivious dance.
The calm domestic joys, the train of peace,
Beneath thy fost'ring downy wing increase.
Chaste Love selects thy soft propitious rest,
To ease the tumults of the tortur'd breast;
The swelling tide in broken words to pour,
Which sighs and looks alone had spoke before,
In the cool walk, amid the whisp'ring groves,
Where never busy interruption roves.
The peasant, too, e'er yet thy light decays,
His garden plot complacently surveys,
And leisurably trims each frugal green,
Where scarce an useless flow'r may dare be seen,

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On thee, meek maid! in all their glorious state,
The melting tribes of various colours wait;
While shade on shade the trembling troops of Fear
Crowd darkling on, and close thy solemn rear.
Soft hours, thy train, celestial roses shed,
In printless stealth, by dews ambrosial fed;
While northward Twilight bends with silent pace,
And veils in glimm'ring shade her dubious face.
In this soft season be it oft my lot,
Within some neat, some close embower'd cot,
The juice to sip, that reason ne'er enchains,
Nor the sick soul with late repentance pains.
Thence let me stray through devious paths to view
Sweet Nature, ever lovely, ever new;
Amid the cool sequester'd walk, afar
From smoke and noise, and every form of care;
Far from the public haunt, where side by side
The tawdry cits display their Sunday pride;
Where Vanity and Wealth, a motley train,
With envy swell, with cruel scandal pain.

Delightful change, to tread the village scene,
The silver smiling brook, the meadows green;
Where every look, devoid of studied art,
Speaks out the native language of the heart;
Where yet no town-bred vice, with boldness fraught,
To gloze the genuine sympathy has taught.

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Sweet from the cooling show'r each hedge around
Fresh incense breathes, and breathes from all the ground;
A deeper blush the joyous wild rose wears,
And flow'ry gladness smiles 'mid purple tears:
The grass with sparkling gems, the spider's line,
The thistle's bearded down, the green leaves shine;
And tender Pity, shuddering, oft bewails
The sudden crush of pathway crossing snails.
Recedes the cloud, expansive Ether bright
Diffusive beams with all resplendent light;
The feather'd choir, from field, or dale, or grove,
With grateful songs the waking scene improve;
The thrush still louder strains, the blackbird shrill,
And busy echoes talk from ev'ry hill:
Swift darts the lark beyond the stretching eye,
And fills with rapture all the gladden'd sky.

How joys the exile, long condemn'd to roam,
Returning now to view his native home,
At even-tide who gains some mountain's brow,
And thence beholds his much-lov'd spot below!
What tides of feeling his fond bosom fill
As he the dome o'erlooks, the valley still!
Where cherub babes, the fond assiduous wife,
The dearest interests of social life;
The ripening beauty which he trusts to find,
The nobler beauties of the expanding mind;

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More priz'd by absence, and full oft express'd
In letters solacing the sever'd breast;
As o'er each dear, each interesting line,
With warm sensations exquisitely fine,
He frequent dwelt, and dropt the rolling tear,
As memory pictur'd all he held most dear.

Yet still the landscape fills my wandering view;
Ah, sons of rural life, how blest are you!
Sweet is the peace your simple dwelling yields!
Sweet the endearments of your native fields!
The unencumber'd life, well earn'd repose;
The nameless joys Tranquillity bestows!
When doubtful Dawn, with silver trembling rays,
Soft waking o'er the cloud-capt mountains plays,
Thrice happy ye who drink the purer breeze,
Remote from city filth and pale disease!
Where crowded wretches in the narrow room
Starve, waste, and sicken, in a living tomb!
What though unceasing Exercise demands
Your patient toil, your ever-restless hands,
Far heavier pains will Indolence bestow
Than all the wearied sons of Labour know:
Think, too, what sickly thousands hourly pine
Within the dungeon bowels of the mine!

Ah! happy England! while destructive War
Rolls far from thee his blood-stain'd mangling car,

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Ah! happy thou! with silver zone embrac'd,
While Ocean hugs thee in his stormy waste;
From golden clouds profuse, with lavish hand,
Prosperity sheds bounties o'er thy land;
With favouring breezes swells the advent'rous sail,
And pregnant blessings wafts in every gale.

Let Fancy turn to Horror's distant reign,
Where Death and Famine close its hideous train.
On yonder fields, all pensive on the ground,
Pale Melancholy sits in thought profound;
And Devastation stalks with blasting eye;
Beneath his scowl the blooms of Nature die:
Dread Silence reigns, and Desolation still,
Save the hoarse blast, wild howling from the hill.
In ruin'd heaps the smould'ring hamlets lie,
While rising vapours darken all the sky.
By self-made famine wasted, sullen fire,
'Mid embers latent, lingers to expire.
There late the harmless peasants calmly dwelt,
With unaspiring wish, with peace heart-felt:
There late his flock the happy shepherd fed;
To pastures fair, to crystal rivers led.
There late, when Night and Quiet charm'd the world,
Breathless the air, and the still lake uncurl'd,
The wearied village sought in deep repose
Th' unconscious bliss that well-earn'd sleep bestows.
No dreams disturb'd the calm of simple rest,
Save the wild visions of the untutor'd breast;

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That led their heedless flocks to giddy floods,
Or drest with fear the spectre of the woods;
While the unquiet watch-dog's lengthen'd howl,
Half heard, forewarn'd the wolf's unfriendly prowl.
Sudden they wake, and circling flames surround,
And glaring daggers strike the vital wound.
Where shall they fly? the cruel foes invade!
Butchers by art, and merciless by trade;
Deep strikes the bayonet each panting breast,
The child, the mother, by her infant prest,
By legal Murder's sanction'd stroke they fall,
And flames and blind Destruction swallow all:
Nor helpless Age protects, nor female fear,
E'en lisping infants quiver on the spear.
Say, what their crimes? does cruel War demand?
His law is wanton rage, or stern command.
See, wistful, one escap'd, and sad returns,
And doubly bent with care and sorrow, mourns:
The desolated spot, with trembling stealth,
Reseeks, his hard-earn'd pittance, all his wealth;
His house, his prattling innocents, demands,
The fruit of all his cares, the labour of his hands.
Can Heav'n be cruel?—Cease, vain murmurs, cease!
Oh! rather say, can Rulers sleep in peace?
From pride, or interest, thus who curse mankind;
Deaf as the deluge, furious as the wind.
Why wave yon harvests on the floating plain,
While whispering zephyr courts the golden grain?
Why are yon hills with fleecy flocks all white?
Or why the vales with wavy richness bright?

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Whose verdure clothes the mountains niggard heads?
Peace! Peace! the vegetable banquet spreads.
Peace bids fair Culture to the steepy brow
Lead the stout ox, and drive the advent'rous plough.
Peace gives glad harvests in the shelter'd vale,
To laugh in light, and wanton in the gale.
Peace the kind nurse of every useful art
That man to man endears, and mends the heart;
Peace the fond mother of the joyous train
That jocund dance round Plenty's loaded wain:
Peace, child of Wisdom, every bliss bestows;
And war alone from vice and folly flows.

Ye fields! with beauty variously o'erspread,
Where rich Abundance lifts his joyful head!
Ye vivid colours! o'er the scene that play,
And proudly burst in all the glare of day!
Ye glittering marks of an Almighty skill!
That with effulgent pomp rapt vision fill;
Ye annual miracles! that still address
To man your pictur'd language! still to bless
Forget not; though his vile, unthankful pride
From all your exhortations turns aside.
Thou, pregnant Summer! parent of delight!
Prolific Autumn! rich in yellow light!
Ye odours! on elastic wings that rise,
And breathe your gratitude o'er all the skies!

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Ye groves! with melody that all abound,
And warble invitation in each sound
To heavenly harmony! ye streams that fall,
Or murmuring glide, I hear your pleasing call.
Oh! not in vain at once ye soothe and cheer,
And whisper kind instruction in my ear.
And thou, bright Ev'ning pomp! with dazzling blaze
Sublimely spreading to my wandering gaze!
Whene'er I view thy banners bright unfurl'd,
To Fancy's eye expands a better world.
Thou softness! tuning all my soul to peace:
Ye shades! that awe-inspiring still increase!
Thou, Silence! fruitful Meditation's friend!
All, friendly, all your aid propitious lend.
Your pow'rs I own; and, as the landscape fades,
I muse intent on life's departing shades;
As passion sinks the warm affections rise,
Leave the base world, and centre in the skies.

The setting orb now warns me to descend,
And to the village bounds my footsteps bend,
Across the bridge that joins the mountains' sides,
High pendent o'er the torrent's tumbling tides;
Museful and slow the nearer scene to trace,
Ere sable night envelope Nature's face.

And now within a half transparent veil
The purple clouds the sinking sun conceal;

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The landscape softens in extended gloom,
And western hills a redd'ning tint assume.
Now mist prevails; but see the golden light
Again bursts forth, by contrast doubly bright.
How warm that glow! how broad, how deep the shade!
How dark the woods! how rich the swelling glade!
Celestial fire flames out on all below;
Herds, flocks, and trees, and men, illumin'd glow.
Yon smiling nymph, that steers her well-pois'd peal,
See o'er her cheek a deeper crimson steal.
The gazing swain, who to the red west turns,
With ruddier glow and deep suffusion burns:
The hamlet children, sporting in the beam,
Catch the broad glare, and golden cherubs seem.
The sun's broad disk, a vast ignited ball,
Seems ling'ring, hesitating yet to fall;
The floating image, well defin'd in glare,
Hangs tremulously in the fields of air;
Casts a last look on earth, with placid mien,
Then sudden sinks amid the waste serene.
'Tis gone:—a sober softness holds the skies,
And fading Nature into stillness dies.

In this hush'd hour pure ministers descend
From blissful realms their mortal charge to tend;
With guardian care to watch the night's repose,
And shelter virtue from insidious foes.
Ah! hear I not low-whisp'ring Angels move
'Mid the deep umbrage of the pensive grove?

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What music dies so sweet o'er vocal hills,
'Mid torrents' falls, or murmurs in the rills,
While as on golden wings they wind their way,
Sweet odours rise, aërial lustres play?

Adown the dale, now lost to light's strong beam,
Where frets its course the never-resting stream,
See that calm dwelling! what a bless'd retreat!
Well shelter'd, hospitable, simple, neat.
There in the thatch the chirping sparrow breeds,
The thatch with moss o'ergrown, and idle weeds;
The stranger swallow claims the chimney's reign,
And plasters smooth his pensile clay domain:
There all their summer's life the restless brood
In airy circles hunt their insect food;
Sweep the smooth pool, or shoot the low-arch'd bridge,
Till Autumn calls them to the cottage ridge.
How blue the smoke across the woodland bends,
And looks domestic peace as it ascends!
With fondling arms the amorous woodbine creeps;
Snug 'mid its verdant bower the window peeps.
Delicious sense! what honied sweets abound,
When dew with vapoury jewels gems the ground!
When, clad in light, rose-scattering morn upsprings,
And winnows fragrance from a thousand wings.

Hard by, a brimming well, of crystal clear,
Reflects the shining hart's-tongue nodding near.

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Here never ray of sultry Sirius reigns,
Nor chill December spreads his icy chains.
From the pure lymph reviv'd, the failing sight
Boasts organs heal'd, and renovated light;
And cred'lous Beauty, much by freckle pain'd,
No more laments her snowy whiteness stain'd;
While as she lavés, from Hope's inspiring glow,
Fresh in her kindling cheek new roses blow.
Ah! sweet delusion! that in fancied bliss
Can dream the blessing truth is doom'd to miss.
How joys the woodman, in this placid hour,
When the grey owl forsakes his haunted tow'r,
When sun-beams upward glance devoid of strength,
And mountain shadows spread their misty length,
His cot to reach, when dews begin to fall,
And Labour's toils relax at Leisure's call;
Where from the trees his smoke, ascending slow,
Scarce seems to climb amid ethereal glow:
And silence holds the solitary vale,
Charm'd by the throstle's loudly echoing tale,
Shrill as he chants his hymn to parting light,
And serenades the slow approaching night.
His dog, faithful companion of the poor,
Barks loud with joy to meet the wonted door,
Where the nail'd horse-shoe fix'd, a potent charm,
Preserves from wither'd hags and secret harm.
The timorous matron trembles to relate
The ills they felt from witchcraft's constant hate;
How bluer burnt the candle's quivering flame;
Convulsions shook their infant's tender frame;
Their kine were milkless, and their steeds were lame.

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Neatness and Order, innocently vain,
Within o'er Penury triumphant reign;
Proud of the polish'd face, a shining show,
The well rang'd vessels glitter in a row;
The nice swept hearth the inverted urn receives,
And to the loaf a nut-brown beauty gives.
The settle form'd for frail loquacious age,
The rest of life's declining pilgrimage,
Where, as the hour-glass wastes its sand away,
It museful sits and counts its own decay,
And tells how swift the days of pleasure flew,
And, sighing, owns them evil now and few.
There, when with ling'ring hours dull Winter creeps,
The chimnies blaze, the crackling faggot weeps,
And converse gladdens with the rustic jest,
Or long-wound story of the welcom'd guest;
Each loth to hear, all willing to be heard,
Eager impatience claims to be prefer'd.
Oft interruption breaks the tedious tale,
While frequent healths exhaust the froth-crown'd ale.
The officious wife, surcharg'd with household cares,
Supplies the crackling wood, the feast prepares;
Or rails her infants, noisy in their mirth,
Or snappish curs, that bask them on the hearth.
The unwieldy bellows while some urchin plies
To nourish flame, who impotently vies,
The purring cat demure, with whisker'd grace,
Prophetically scours her velvet face.
In smoke, for aye involv'd, plethoric, dense,
The marbled gammon spreads its form immense.

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The racks above a store of arms sustain,
Guiltless of human blood that best remain.
Were nations virtuous, and their rulers just,
Destructive arms would sleep in glorious rust:
For what to feuds and slaughter gives pretence?
The want of honesty and common sense.
The wicked thirst of empire ruins all,
Kingdoms by conquest rise, by conquest fall.
Of moveless length the massive table stands,
That smokes with treats when Harvest crowns the lands.
The wall around, in ill-concording strains,
The quaint-fram'd ballad lamentably plains,
Of Chevy-Chace, of Shore deny'd her food,
The wand'ring Jew, the Children in the Wood:
And there king George, and Charlotte, much-lov'd pair,
In paint and plaster, all bedizen'd glare.

Within the household cares their hours employ,
The thrifty daughter toils, their only joy;
The needle while she plies, a youth sits near,
And fondly whispers in her cautious ear:
She bashful chides, disdainful to be teas'd,
Though tell-tale eyes bespeak her not displeas'd;
Eyes soft as silver on the turtle's wing,
Sweet as the sunshine of the early spring;
Fair as the daisy, on its grassy bed,
Smiles to the morning, tipt with modest red.

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The watchful mother turns her anxious eye,
And frowns if aught too bold she chance to spy:
She favours virtuous love, yet warns the youth
Ne'er to betray such purity, such truth.
She thanks kind Heav'n her race ne'er knew a stain,
Ne'er sold their honour for the hope of gain;
And ere such day had rather beg her bread,
Or see her darling number'd with the dead.
Hail, holy Virtue! hail! for thou canst raise
The lowliest far above all earthly praise!
And better 'tis beneath the humblest shed
To break in peace with thee our daily bread,
Than court the vile, the parasitic crowd
Of state, and wealth ill-gotten, meanly proud.

Where yonder noisy Mill the ear astounds,
And in her dark groves Solitude confounds,
Broke o'er the restless wheel, whose show'ry spray
In imitative rainbows melts away,
The youth there labours, till expected eve
And favouring love his daily tasks relieve.
The sire delighted views his children round
Crowd on the hearth, or sportive on the ground:
The younger, eager labouring, climbs the knee,
And clasps his neck in childish ecstasy;
While warm'd with transport of paternal bliss,
The raptur'd sire returns the ardent kiss.
Domestic Bliss! attracter of the soul!
To thee we turn, as needles to the pole:

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Misled by flatt'ring Hope, if e'er we roam,
The vagrant wish yet vibrates to its home.
For thee the tempest-beaten sailor sighs,
When horrid storms deform the angry skies;
Thy soothing ray, like some fair friendly star,
Cheers the mad frown of elemental war:
Vent'rous for thee he dares the faithless waste;
Exhausts a youth of toil, in hope to taste,
When life's wild storms have spent their passing rage,
The sober calm of soft reposing age.
The Swiss too absent, if perchance he hear
His native music plaintive touch his ear,
Soul-moving sounds, that to remembrance call
His babes, his wife, his friends, his little all;
His hut, rock-cradled 'mid the whirlwind's roar;
His bosom burns with martial fire no more:
In tears he melts, abhors the tented plain,
And seeks by stealth his native spot again.
E'en the poor captive dove, convey'd away
To unknown realms of distant beaming day,
If by kind fate releas'd, through trackless skies,
On tireless pinions, all-impatient flies;
Sees o'er the convex world her well-known dome,
And pants o'er half the globe to gain her home.
When banish'd first to school, the child forlorn,
From friendly arms and kind indulgence torn,
Sad views the reverend mansion's solemn gloom,
To him of social happiness the tomb;
Sad views the rigid master's scowling face,
The meanest tyrant of the tyrant race.

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Apart he weeps, while bosom-bursting sighs
Swell his full heart, and streams o'erflow his eyes;
Pellucid o'er his cheeks of rosy hue,
As berries shine frost-crystalliz'd in dew.
Oh social joys! to man benignly giv'n,
Ye make the poorest hut an earthly heav'n;
Despise not these, ye proud, who idly fly,
For fancied good, to wild variety.
For all the pride of life will not impart,
Of nature void, one joy to glad the heart.
Fashion, the child of Vanity, maintains
Despotic power o'er slaves in willing chains.
Her smiles betray the heart by anguish torn,
And every rose she gathers plants a thorn.
We taste of art, we sigh, and we confess
That Truth and Virtue man alone can bless.
But thou, Simplicity! thou ne'er canst cloy!
Thou truest only source of genuine joy!
One draught of bliss that from thy fountain flows,
True unadulterated good bestows;
Pure as the stream from mountain's welling clear,
Sweet as the primrose of the youthful year.

To cheer life's gloomy vale, the God of heaven
To human minds has kind affections given;
Pure sympathies that with a soft controul
Reign in the heart, and tune the temper'd soul.
These guide our paths, those ever watch our bed,
And on our slumbers choicer blessings shed.

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But on the soul o'erwhelm'd in sensual sleep
The ministers of vice insidious creep:
And when the baleful tyrants win the heart,
Our wakeful guards reluctantly depart.
Thus patient o'er its nest the anxious dove
Sits in the deep recesses of the grove:
Robb'd of her care the timid trembler flies,
While terrors in each ruffled plume arise;
Fluttering she quits the violated seat,
And seeks afar some happier safe retreat.

These good affections forms external wear,
Speak in the eye, or sparkle in a tear;
Where good affections influence maintain,
Within celestial feelings gently reign.
Do angry passions vex our mental peace?
Calm Resignation bids the tempest cease;
And as Submission smooths the struggling will,
The troublous storm subsides, and all is still.
Around the throne of God these ever wait,
Attendant ministers of human fate.
Their task, to raise low thoughts from this abode,
And fashion souls in likeness of their God.
By Prayer invok'd, they quit celestial space,
And shed on earth the dews of heav'nly grace.
Prayer breathes through realms of never-fading day,
While Love and Mercy point his bashful way;
Incense of broken hearts ascends on high,
On the soft pinions of a melting sigh;

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Through clouds of woe his darkling progress steers,
Though moist his wings with penitential tears;
But those at Heav'n's bright portal melt away,
Like nightly dews before the solar ray.
All transient grief dissolves in Mercy's sight,
There all is gladness! all eternal light!

Here flourish'd Glycine; seraphic grace
Spoke in her eye, and play'd o'er all her face:
Soft'ning the strong expression of her eye,
Meek on the fringed lid sat Modesty:
While o'er the blushing cheek pure Chasteness shed
Her delicately apprehensive red;
And Health his mountain breezes round her blew,
Thrice bath'd in roseate Morning's earliest dew.
Then at the church, in all these charms array'd,
And simple neatness, shone the spotless maid.
Rais'd by the inspiring place, pure ecstasy
Gave cherub lustre to her speaking eye:
And, as she por'd upon the holy book,
Devotion aw'd, and hallow'd every look.

The young Morillio gaz'd, while o'er his soul
The good affections won a soft controul:
He lov'd, his love confess'd; and found return,
But yet neglect of talents had to mourn:
Unequal fortune woke distracting pain,
Lamenting deep the hours consum'd in vain.

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Day shines on day, to him no longer bright,
And dark Despair now doubly shades each night;
Repentance strips of Sloth the cumbrous weeds,
Vice yields; the love of industry succeeds:
Follies no more torpedo-like assail,
Unbias'd thought and manly sense prevail:
Prosperity's bright sun his prospects gilds,
And Love consenting, constant pleasures yields;
Blest with the fair, he owns their sov'reign sway,
While Truth and Virtue crown each passing day.

'Mid yonder groves the splendid mansion stands,
And hospitably crowns the smiling lands:
In the green paddock spotted wanderers stray,
With branching antlers butt in am'rous play;
Dart with light bound across the sunny glade,
The thicket burst, and vanish in the shade.
In freckled frocks the hoarse pintadoes run,
And vaunting peacocks emulate the sun.

In poets' fancy-dreams the rural bow'r
How void of care! how blest each rural hour!
But, ah! full soon, by Hope deceiv'd, we find
Too certain pain, the lot of all mankind,
With giant pace our weary paths invade,
O'er opening bliss diffusing nights of shade.

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Yon hovel mark! its tott'ring roof behold,
Pierc'd by the pelting storm, the numbing cold;
Where through the broken pane, with visit rude,
The winter winds familiarly intrude;
While hourly danger on the crumbling wall,
And nodding ruin, threat a sudden fall.
Within the squalid family complain
Of lingering want and ever-during pain:
There to their rugged beds the hungry creep,
And try to lose their griefs in friendly sleep:
There, sad companions! dwell lean wasting Care,
Chill Penury, and hopeless, fix'd Despair.
Yet Love and Friendship, in the sooty cell,
The best delights of life! still faithful dwell:
Sleep, too, who loves on Labour's lids to rest,
With friendly balm consoles the weary breast.
See o'er her sleeping babe the mother bends,
The cradle rocks, and all its slumbers tends.
Ah! see how anxious love and tender fear
Fast from her lids distil the trembling tear.
Poor babe! if Pride thy humble birth disdain,
And stern Oppression wrap his galling chain
Around thy limbs; yet Hope, with golden ray,
And kindred feelings, gild thy dreary way!
Wealth may buy slaves; but seldom Love allure,
Of Sorrow's rankling wound the softest cure.

Oft have I wish'd the means, would Fortune lend,
To cheer all grief, and live the poor man's friend;

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From my own centre bid my bounties flow,
Diverging wide to every son of woe.
Within the precinct of some wide domain,
Where never helpless Want should ask in vain,
Comfort should warm the dwelling of the poor,
And Cheerfulness sit smiling at the door;
Content should meet my steps where'er I came,
And Gratitude exulting hail my name.

Children of Luxury! in bow'rs supine
Who vain in listless indolence recline,
Ah! ye who grasp each phantom as it goes,
Sick 'mid delight, and weary in repose;
While fickle Change her mazy dance pursues,
Trick'd in a thousand false and shifting hues;
Press'd in your hands, how Fancy's bubbles burst!
How speaks the rising sigh Abundance curst!
Fantastic Pain in Pleasure's lap is nurst,
Yet blame not Him who amply show'rs around
What miss'd by all, by all may yet be found:
Yet know that in the sunshine of the breast
Pure happiness alone delights to rest!
A secret this, above alchymic skill,
To rule our passions, and to mould our will;
To circumstance to bend the yielding mind,
And keep the idly-vagrant wish confin'd.
If few the talents Providence has lent,
To draw more sure supplies from plain content.

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Then turn, thou child of Luxury! be wise,
And learn for man how little may suffice;
All bliss consists in blessings understood:
Then bow, and thank the Giver of all good.

And ye, whom cost and studied art invite
To court the zest of sated Appetite
With lavish boards, where pale Disease unseen,
And lurking Pain, and moping sullen Spleen,
In Lux'ry's garb their hideous forms disguise,
And in the sparkling liquid cheat our eyes;
At once where Pomp and lavish Waste appear,
Consuming all the comfort of an year!
Do ye ne'er dream of sad Affliction's train?
The parent or the widow rack'd with pain,
While hungry children ask for bread in vain;
While ceaseless lamentation wounds their ears,
And they alone can answer but in tears?
Yes, oft I wish'd the means would fortune lend
To cheer distress, and live the poor man's friend.
Conscience approv'd:—but human hope how vain!
Soon would the foul destroyer, Vice, distain
Thy purer work, Benevolence, and blight
Thy Eden bloom, thy dawn of good benight.

Where yonder tawdry sign exalted swings,
Squeaks to each blast, whene'er the rough blast
sings;

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Where the rude artist sprucely has portray'd
The Royal Charles's mouth-distended shade,
With golden crown, and grove of curling wig,
Within the spare oak's thinly-treach'rous sprig;
Where Invitation stops the traveller's way,
By kindness proffer'd free to all who pay:
There the round hostess restless cares engage,
For ever hot with bustling or with rage;
Her purple cheeks the ruby fury dyes,
And squint Suspicion fires her tiny eyes.
There the lewd sot profanes the Sabbath's rite,
And wastes his weekly labour in a night;
There uproar reigns, and never-ceasing strife,
Quell'd only by the injur'd scolding wife,
Who drags the soaker from his daily spot;
His toil, his pining family forgot.
There screaks the fiddle in discordant strains,
And tortur'd Music lamentably plains.
There lurks the village thief, the gipsey crew,
To share their spoils, and plan their crimes anew.
There the vile revel Innocence invites
To taste of low Debauchery's coarse delights:
Youth's first corrupter bids the stripling know,
And ruin'd virgin, pangs of guilty woe.
Thence, form'd by habit, issues forth a band
Of villain craft, to poison all the land.

Where those thick elms their rev'rend arms extend,
And with the ash their wedded shadows blend,

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Excluding gaudy rays of thoughtless light,
There gloom and silence solemnly unite,
And with appropriate horrors, dimly shed,
In ever-during twilight wrap the dead.
And there how picturesquely tall above
The moss-clad tow'r o'ertops the umbrageous grove;
While o'er its Gothic honours, hourly fed,
Their orange tints fantastic lichens spread.

Blest village! of some pious priest the care!
Your wants who knows to feel, your interests share;
Sweet from whose lips persuasion melting steals,
Probes mental wounds, and as it probes them heals;
Whose well-known guileless heart, whose virtuous course,
Give to each weighty word a tenfold force.
If to repentance harden'd guilt he calls,
Abash'd and low the prostrate sinner falls:
Alarm'd, the solemn warning voice he hears,
And all obdurance melts in floods of tears.
Then o'er the cloud their beams of golden day,
Hope, Joy, and Mercy cast, with soft'ning ray:
As cheering gleams the rainbow's graceful form,
And paints with milder hue the transient storm.
When bent to prayer, all catch the holy flame;
Awe bows the knee, and prostrates all the frame.
Contrition he awakes, well-skill'd to raise
The penitent, and lift the soul to praise:
And, as the bird of morn, on soaring wing,
Far from the dusky earth ascends to sing,

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In music melts amid celestial glow,
So Adoration leaves the world below.
He opes the sacred Truth; the world forgot,
A breathless silence charms the holy spot:
To him, to God, the melted heart is giv'n,
And the blest hour commences instant heav'n.
Low whisp'ring angels stoop, and hover near,
While Grace and Peace breathe on the contrite ear.
The Prodigal, who, through the treach'rous way
Of flower-clad guilt, has long been wont to stray,
Forsakes the faithless paths, his faults retrieves,
And wonders at the joys that virtue gives.

Blest Sabbath, hail! thou day of earthly peace,
That bid'st awhile the poor man's labour cease!
All hail, kind harbinger of heav'nly rest!
Thou Wisdom's friend! thou balm of Sorrow's breast!
That giv'st the unpitied brute, by labour waste,
A periodic pause of pain to taste!
Then the meek ox, releas'd from patient toil,
May press the turf, or crop the flow'ry soil;
And the lean ass, with blows and sorrow worn,
May saunt'ring pace the green-hedg'd lane forlorn;
Though still with slavery's badge his loaded feet
Drag galling chains along his rude retreat:
The thistle's scanty leaf, the briery wastes,
Are all the luxury his respite tastes.
Contented as thou crop'st the casual weeds,
For man's ingratitude my bosom bleeds.

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Fain would this hand bestow thee better fare,
And mild indulgence sooth with kinder care;
Fain would I give thy rough coat polish'd grace,
And raise some gladness in thy patient face.

Hail, holy day! thy pious sons I view
With cheerful looks attend thy duties due,
As to the church they bend in neat attire,
Where o'er yon trees peeps out the tapering spire;
Where bells with solemn music charm the gale,
While mimic echoes run around the vale!
Whose cheerful looks bespeak the heart at rest,
Elate with joys that swell the faithful breast
Above this world; above the sceptic pride
That bids the philosophic wit deride;
Who wakes the cruel doubt with scrupulous art,
But leaves a void within the aching heart.
Ah, yes! your smiles are more than smiles of earth,
And from celestial hope confess their birth.

Her elfin race, the cottage fire beside,
The careful grandam calls at even-tide;
The Bible book she spreads, and heav'nly grace
Smooths down awhile the wrinkles of her face;
And smiling Hope and stedfast Faith inspire,
And Joy shoots forth his momentary fire.
Of martyr'd saints and future bliss she reads;
Of wond'rous miracles and godly deeds.

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The youthful list'ners catch the holy flame,
And frequent bow at Jesus' sacred name.
She warns them oft, " Be good, and full of grace,
" And love your church, and shun the wicked
race.

Who slowly bends across yon path-worn mead?
An oaken staff supports his pensive tread:
The vet'ran Clerk. When tuneful bells invite,
To meet th' expected Seventh Day's holy rite;
On the full gale, when sanctifying Sound
Flings her far-echoing melody around,
Then see the never-failing man sedate,
And spruce in all the Sunday's glossy state,
Erect his gait, his well-pois'd staff in hand,
Less for support than rev'rence to command.
Each passing year has silver tokens shed,
And Time snow'd winter on his hoary head.
Health in his ruddy cheek, his brow unbent,
His eye complacence, and his smile content,
Behold him studious then, with patient care,
Press down the Bible's curling leaves all fair.
Historian he of generations gone,
Who proudly once in transient splendour shone,
Or sunk opprest by Poverty's hard lot;
Alike now equal, and alike forgot:
Vain insects, glittering fair through life's brief
day
Upon the stream that glided fast away.

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Oft as he muses in the church-yard gloom,
Where mocking Pride has rais'd the sumptuous tomb,
Or humble Sculpture saves our short-liv'd date,
He tells the mournful chronicles of Fate:
What miser robb'd himself to swell his store;
What good old lady cloth'd and fed the poor.
Then will he spin the never-ending tale,
Of self-importance vain, till hearers fail.
When Memory swells, of past transactions vain,
He measures o'er the days of youth again;
With consequence erect, and mien sedate,
In all the pride of narrative elate.
Once could he tune the note of solemn praise,
Once boast the soul of melody to raise;
But feeble now, alas! his voice, and shrill,
Denies to aid its master's far-fam'd skill.

The good man proudly owns a native cot,
Yon spreading elms mark out the peaceful spot,
Which his forefathers held; his garden bow'r
Yields summer shade, gives winter's sunny hour.
There sits he oft, a Patriarch in retreat,
The while his dog is basking in the heat;
From broken slumbers starting at the fly
That flits, like human triflers, heedless by.

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Now trem'lous o'er the landscape Twilight steals,
And solemn Gloom each fading shape conceals.
Athwart the air, with swift, but silent flight,
The wheeling bat flits forth to meet the night.
The browner village sinks in doubtful gleam,
And bright rays from the cottage windows stream;
Where at his frugal meal, with perfect rest,
The passing hour beholds the labourer blest.
Still o'er the sky a partial glow remains,
Still faintly lingers on the glimmering plains;
Yet objects float in Fancy's cheated eyes,
And unknown hills and villages arise.
Now ceas'd are all the sounds of rural glee,
Late sportive round the fav'rite antique tree.
'Tis listening fancy all, and silence dead,
That tells the far-off traveller's distant tread.
A busy, ceaseless hum the ear invades
Of unseen beings, murm'ring in the shades;
While sullenly the drowsy beetle sings,
Air flutters with innumerable wings.
The feather'd moths, amid the darkling groves,
Lit by the glow-worm, court their little loves:
The rustling leaf their frequent flight betrays,
As busily they buz around the sprays.
With hardy teeth, at his voracious meal,
I hear distinctly work the varnish'd snail.

The eyeless Night, now wrap'd in gloom profound,
Opes all her hundred ears to catch each sound

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That feebly trembles o'er the sleepy air;
The leaf soft falling, or the rustling hare;
The chirp half-murmur'd by the dreaming bird,
'Mid green boughs by his nestling partner stir'd;
The ineffectual gale's scarce utter'd sighs,
That tries in vain by sudden fits to rise.
Confounded Colour sinks upon the plain,
And growing Darkness spreads her rayless reign.

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A CONTEMPLATION.

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ARGUMENT.

Increase of Darkness—Ascent of the Moon—Entrance into the Church—Contemplation by Moonlight—Vanity of Life conspicuous in monumental Pride—Shortness of Existence—Private Grief indulged—Life exposed to the perpetual Ravages of Death; its destructive Power in foreign Climates—Diseases: Consumption; the sudden Fate of Melissa—The Ravages of Death on Friendship lamented—A future State—The Sorrows of Life increased by the Vices of Men—Conclusion.

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A

CONTEMPLATION.

Mista senum ac juvenum densantur funera: nullum
Sceva caput Proserpina fugit. HOR.

Now all-confounding darkness deepens more,
Whilst I, a pensive wand'rer, still explore
The thick'ning shades, and court the friendly hour,
While Contemplation holds each mental pow'r.
But, lo! what glorious burst the hills above,
With feathery silver tips the misty grove!
Serene, and full, the orb of Night ascends;
A train of visions on her path attends;
And, as her tremulous lustres silent roll,
They shed celestial calmness o'er my soul.

This church-yard's awful gloom! these shadows deep!
Where Silence reigns around, and sacred Sleep,
Befit my thoughtful soul, congenial made,
To solemn musing, and to midnight shade.

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While Echo tells my steps, as slow I tread
Across the hollow vaults that hold the dead,
Alone the owl keeps converse with the night,
And moans discordant to the placid light.
The Gothic church expands the massy door,
The solemn spot while pensive I explore.

Beneath these cloisters pale, these rev'rend aisles,
This hoary fane, these monumental piles,
What stillness deep! what reverential dread!
As musing Meditation seeks the dead:
Seeks wisdom, spreading from th' instructive tomb
The brief sad tale of universal doom:
For here the weary, here the wretched rest,
The stern oppressor, and the poor oppress;
Here Feeling steals the sacred tear to shed
For Friendship slumb'ring on its quiet bed.
The sculptur'd tombs of pride that shine around,
The humbler turf-built graves upon the ground,
Alike attempt to snatch from tyrant Death
The transient mem'ry of our fleeting breath.
But yet in vain may mimic art aspire
To animate the stone with living fire;
In vain the pomp of monumental fame
To save the too, too perishable name;
In vain the arts of flatt'ry and the great
The common leveller Death conspire to cheat;
The crumbling monuments demand repair,
Once rais'd by lavish cost and sumptuous care.

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And thou too, Poverty! by all despis'd,
Display'st how e'en the lowest life is priz'd:
To thee a short-liv'd stone Affection rears,
Drops o'er thy grassy grave sincerer tears:
Yet know, though vain Ambition proudly scorn,
Contemn thee living, mock thee from the urn;
Beside thy grave, though Wealth exulting raise
Delusive records of its venal praise;
True worth is notic'd by the all-seeing Eye,
And ev'ry virtue register'd on high:
Worth, like the Cereus, 'mid the deepest glooms,
Unmark'd by all but heav'n, delightful blooms.

Fair o'er the fretted roof her mellow light
Diffuses pale the sober Queen of Night;
Each dewy marble gilds with silv'ry ray,
Sheds lustre soft, and lives a milder day,
That o'er the deep'ning horrors softly steals,
To Fancy's eye each vision faint reveals.

Here let me pause;—recal what once was known,
The scenes I shar'd, the scenes, alas! now flown:
Again, again the seeming visions rise,
And glide distinct before my mental eyes:
But, ah! how pale! how chang'd from what they were!
How shrunk by time! how worn by years of care!
No more o'er Rapture's cheek the glowing light
Of purple Spring awakes each young delight,

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Are these the joys that tun'd th' ecstatic soul,
O'er sense and vanquish'd reason held controul?
When all was gay, and all elated youth,
The gilded bubbles shone with specious truth;
But cool conviction breaks the splendid cheat,
The rainbow tints that when pursued retreat.
Temper alone the turbid ills refine,
In vain on cheerless black the sunbeams shine.
Thus on the bosom of the summer lake,
When weary ev'ning gales no longer wake,
Light beams above, and answ'ring light below,
And drest in borrow'd smiles, the gay waves glow!
But when its face the ruffling blasts deform,
It frowns in all the horrors of the storm.

Why seeks my swelling bosom thus relief,
In all the sacred solitude of grief?
Ah! not for parted love, in early years,
Throbs this full breast, or flow these scalding tears;
Ah! not for sober friendship's chasten'd flame
Beats this quick pulse, or pants this trembling frame.
Pain'd recollection, in this awful place,
The parents loss dejected sighs to trace;
By cruel fate one sudden snatch'd away,
And one the victim sad of slow decay.
Still, still methinks endearments past I view,
That nurst the child, and yet in mankind grew;
Still see th' approving smile, the anxious look,
Which fondness beam'd, or fear parental spoke;

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Still see the kindness of the partial eye
My errors gloss, my merits magnify:
Bent o'er the couch of sickness, still behold
Maternal aid the healing med'cine hold;
Watch ev'ry change with ever-wakeful care,
And Heaven weary with incessant pray'r:
Still see the father's sweet benignant mind
Meek in his eye, indulgent, ever kind.
Yet filial vice, with conscious mem'ry blest,
Ne'er fix'd one arrow in the cureless breast;
Ne'er in the nightly pillow plac'd a thorn,
Or made the sleepless eye repine at morn.
Ah! truly blest if studious constant care
Could medicate the cup of dark despair;
Dress for declining years the shady bow'r,
And glad of weary life the ev'ning hour!
To thee, domestic friend, of faith long try'd,
Whose worth a second parent's care supply'd,
Ah! let not greatness scorn, if mem'ry pay
A grateful tribute in the tender lay.
For half our bliss,—blush not, ye sons of Pride!
On humbler breasts must haughty man confide.
Enough! no more from gen'ral sadness here
Let private woe engross the selfish tear.
Shall chill self-love another's grief deny
The cheap, the pleasing tribute of a sigh?
The wretch for whom no bosom bleeds below
Still fondly hopes the future tear will flow,
And what compassion ne'er, when living, gave,
Yet hopes to meet within the juster grave;

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The grave, that bids the tongue of Envy cease,
And softens storms of party into peace.
When Civil Rage triumphant o'er a land
Of ruffian passions leads a furious band,
Or private malice in the humbler vale
Nips modest Truth with Slander's icy gale,
With this consolatory hope elate,
Calm injur'd Innocence submits to fate;
With breast undaunted meets th' oppressor's doom,
And waits impartial justice from the tomb.
With whispers calm of unstain'd conscience blest,
Firm More beneath the fatal stroke could jest;
Undaunted Sidney, from a venal state,
Bow'd to the sentence of illegal fate.
In vain the cheerful Day, with laughing eye,
Pours streams of gladness o'er the waking sky,
While War incites a brother's blood to shed,
And heap the earth with millions of the dead:
Dark sits despair on Friendship's sadden'd face,
And weeds of mourning shadow ev'ry place.
In all the steps of joy fell woes advance,
Frown round the festive board, and shade the dance.
Robb'd of its splendour, mourns the banquet room,
And sad assemblies wear funereal gloom:
Each bosom pants, and sympathetic woe
Meets in each eye, and clouds each answ'ring brow.
Full on the trembling lip big drops complain,
And speak the child, the husband, lover, slain:
The cruel fate of friends in distant shores,
Of dearest friends, distracted grief deplores;

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In silence sunk, without one tender tear
To soften sickness, or to grace the bier;
Whose closing sight in vain, in foreign lands,
One parting look, one aiding arm demands:
There all by selfish pain or fear deprest,
Can ill supply a balm for other's breast.
In sickly isles, beyond th' Atlantic waste,
What thousands down to death inglorious haste!
There Fever with insatiate fury feeds,
In ev'ry breeze there foul infection breeds;
The few whom shielding Angels deign to save,
Scarce steal an hour to dig the victim's grave;
Dawns a new day, and kind inquirers find
The sprightly friend of eve to death consign'd,
And mantled night, in sorrow's dark array,
Mourns the waste desolation of the day.
Convivial guests appoint the festive hour,
And, half assembled, mourn Death's rapid pow'r:
Dread apprehension checks their rising joy,
And seems to ask whom fate may next destroy.
Sad tidings every troubled ear assail,
And groans with double horror load each gale;
And wasting thousands sink without a name,
Unwept by living eyes, unsung by fame.
Come, gentle Peace! from realms of endless rest,
Bid the vex'd earth like thy own heav'n be blest:
O give to panting millions balmy bliss,
And greet fair Nature with a friendly kiss!
Celestial pow'r! once more thy influence lend;
Again with healing on thy wings descend:

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Bid wasteful War his furious ravage cease,
And Plenty glad, and ev'ry joy increase:
O bid deploring nations cease to mourn,
And guilty swords to smiling ploughshares turn.
Come then, kind pow'r, and in thy fruitful train
Bid arts and heav'n-born science smile again;
Soft in thy steps the breeze of health shall play,
And new creation hail the raptur'd day.

What awful silence chills me as I tread!
How breathes instruction from the speechless dead!
While all around looks desolately still,
What trains of busy thought my fancy fill!
The graves how close! the tombs how thick they lie!
The unerring shafts of fate for ever fly.
Or does the ruby goblet sparkling smile?
Death slily lurks within the purple guile.
If the glad feast fantastic taste invite,
Death spreads luxuriously the false delight.
Not ever he the tempest's wing bestrides,
Or on the ebon car of darkness rides;
E'en mid the shouts of mirth, or sprightly dance,
The hollow traitor shakes his viewless lance;
Beneath all flow'ry fragrance lurks unseen,
Eats in the bud, and saps the mantling green;
Strikes virgin innocence, maternal truth,
Life-loving age, or unsuspicious youth:
The rose he culls from out its early bed,
And wreathes a chaplet for his ghastly head.

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Nor can the cradled babe's celestial smile
The stern fixt doom of certain fate beguile.
We breathe, look round, and yield our borrow'd
breath;
E'en heav'n-born Virtue must submit to Death.

'Gainst man the hostile elements conspire,
The traitorous air, the wide devouring fire;
The gasping earth, the fluid wave, consume;
Man in all nature finds a greedy tomb.
In vain the skies diffuse their balmy pow'r,
While the false insect gnaws the damask flow'r;
On the green bank of rich empurpled Spring,
Where plumes the infant Dawn his spangled
wing,
'Mid vernal sweets the venom'd viper breeds,
Gains fatal strength, and treacherously feeds.
So sullen clouds o'ercast the early sky,
Ere Morn resplendent lifts her golden eye.
So sunk a youth, in yonder grave who sleeps,
While faithful friendship yet remains, and weeps;
Sad on the couch of baffled art declin'd,
While hectic ting'd the cheek with glow defin'd.
I saw the parent fond, the mourning friend,
In mute and melancholy musing bend:
More as he sunk, on Hope he more rely'd,
And in a dream of fond delusion dy'd.
Ah! blest delusion! aid of piteous Heav'n,
To balm the dart of Death thus kindly giv'n.

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In fair Melissa shone each youthful grace,
While gay good humour dimpled in her face;
Soft as the hyacinth's pure modest red,
That sweetly blushes o'er its pendent head,
When by the dewy hand of Morn array'd;
So soft, so pure, her virgin colour play'd:
Delight shone smiling through her speaking eyes,
Radiant as planets gilding evening skies.
Each youth with emulative ardour vied,
And age that saw, for second ardour sigh'd:
Radiant as sparkles on the trem'lous stream,
Or Fancy's tissue in the lover's dream,
At eve she smil'd: next morn the passing bell
Smote ev'ry heart, and toll'd her parting knell.
A mortal shroud enwrap'd that heav'nly form,
And all those faded beauties fed the worm.
No more those orbs, all mild as opening day,
With lambent light shall innocently play.
I knew her once, and the pale moon-light beam
Silv'ring her tomb, recals the painful theme.
I saw the scene, the friends incessant weep,
Invoke the dull, the senseless ear of Sleep;
I saw the streaming fountains of the eye
A never-ceasing flood of tears supply:
With clam'rous grief the mournful dome resounds,
Each breast distracts, the hurry'd house confounds.
I saw o'erwhelm'd the circled family
The vacant ground in pensive sadness eye.
Nor dares the timid lid its curtain raise
To meet a fellow-mourner's woe-struck gaze:

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Silent, profound, each ill-feign'd art they try
To check the falling tear, the rising sigh,
Till pregnant, full, and eloquent of grief,
The long-imprison'd sob demands relief;
Then answ'ring all at once, without controul,
Pour unrestrain'd the agony of soul.
On their last bed, and all in virgin white,
Clos'd the wan eye, prepar'd each latest rite,
The shrouded limbs with decent care they place,
And with a last kiss press the lifeless face.
Behold the pallid corpse, in fun'ral dress,
Yet the sweet temper of the soul express!
Sweet on the lips the smile of parting peace
Remains, and bids their fruitless sorrows cease;
Still beauty stays, and with instructive awe
Bids musing thought the useful moral draw.
How pale the lily hands! and, ah! how cold
The emblematic flow'rs they stiffly hold,
That mocking human pride, thus seem to say,
"Like us life blooms, and wastes like us away."
For ever then within the coffin's lid
Is beauty's loveliest, brightest vision hid:
For ever clos'd, and in its darksome womb
The solemn hearse conveys her to the tomb:
The plumes, in seeming sympathy of woe,
Pendently nodding as they slowly go,
While the harsh rumbling wheel with hollow moan
In unison of sorrow seems to groan.
E'en mercenary mourners learn to shed
An unbought tear, and truly weep the dead.

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Through the long church-yard path, dejected, slow,
Behold the weeping mute procession go!
In vesture white the holy priest precedes,
The frequent sigh his sacred task impedes.
What breast so hard, what face refrains to mourn,
When "earth to earth, and dust to dust return,"
With solemn voice the minister of God
Exclaims; and to its last and long abode
The corpse commits! An awful pause prevails,
Till grief redoubled with new force assails,
The close of life's short tale as thus they see,
What she is now, and what they all must be.

As on the tree the changeful leaves decay,
Some bud in youth, in age some fall away;
To man a various date of life is giv'n,
And some are snatch'd from ill by righteous heav'n.
Unripen'd virtue oft it leaves to blow,
And teach the world perfection here below.

How few attain renown, or leave behind
One trace of life! mere gusts of passing wind!
Or on the blazon'd rolls of golden Fame
Resplendent shine, and claim a deathless name?
Some flit like fiery sparks before the eye,
A moment glitter, in a moment die:
Ephemerons o'er Time's swift stream they fly,
Sport on the wave, or flutter in the sky.

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E'en Virtue's self, that fairest, fragrant flow'r,
Has but to bloom, and charm a little hour.

Of those with me who trod life's early vale,
Hail'd light's first beams, and breath'd its morning gale,
In all the verdant paths of joyous youth,
Ere error's mists were yet dispell'd by truth,
How many now, alas! I hail no more!
Their sun soon set, their busy days soon o'er!
Of mortal hope we gain the lofty brow;
But, ah! how chang'd the prospect from below!
Still spreads the space beneath the op'ning skies,
New prospects glitter, and new objects rise!
But Death's tumultuous torrent rolls between,
Forbids our steps, and parts the gaudy scene.

Friends of my youth! who were no longer found
Ere half of life had run its busy round;
Left in this vale of tears, I drop for you,
From the full heart, compassion's softest dew:
Too full though Sorrow's baleful waters glide,
Yet must I aid the sympathetic tide.
I saw ye warm with all of Fancy's fires,
With all that health or ardent youth inspires;
Strong as the new-fledg'd eagle, child of Spring,
I saw ye gaily plume the lusty wing,
Then upward rush, with new-born vigour gay,
To chase light pleasure through the realms of day.

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Soon, soon ye vanish'd, like the morning shade,
Or evening clouds, in shifting hues array'd,
And stole the rays of gladness from my mind,
A loit'ring, weary trav'ler, left behind.
Friends of my youth, perhaps now hov'ring near,
Your gentle spirits whisper in my ear
Some heav'nly counsel, and my paths attend,
My errors lessen, and my steps befriend.

And will no more those scenes of bliss return?
No more this breast with equal rapture burn?
Ah no! for joys repeated ever bring
Some added sorrow on the loaded wing;
Reflected weaker as reflected light,
And less as secondary rainbows bright.
New pleasures with new circling years attend,
But nearer to the grave with each we bend.
To-morrow dawns; some friend we hail no more;
And we woe-worn its new return deplore.
'Tis wisdom's part to prize each fleeting hour,
And wisely use the bliss within our pow'r.
And shall these failing eyes no more behold
The morning mountain tipt with orient gold?
The rising orb of day, ascending high,
Beam young effulgence o'er the gladden'd sky?
Or o'er the noon his burning radiance throw,
Burst through the groves, and in the waters glow?
See Eve, with crimson vesture slow unfurl'd,
Sail softly gradual o'er the fading world?

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No more with ecstasy of fond delight
Drink the rich visions of enchanted sight?
No more Night's splendid concave scene survey,
When her pale orb diffuses milder day?
And yet th' unconscious beam will dawn as bright
When I no more can hail the glorious light,
And that glad ray my senseless grave shall gild
That can to me no more its splendour yield.
Yet if these raptur'd eyes no more survey
The passing glories of terrestrial day,
One hope sustains, the hope of heav'nly love,
Transcendent bliss, and glorious life above.
Can we these universal wonders view,
And never hope these raptures to renew?
Though earthly joy may fade, the dreary tomb
Shall lead to Edens of unfading bloom:
The world may fade; but from this short abode
Each future step shall lead the nearer God.
Yon glorious orb may like a spark expire,
But what shall quench the spark of mental fire?
Ah, no! for when yon Sun shall fade away,
Still shall the Soul be light with quenchless day.

Now let me pause;—my crowding thoughts review:
If life be frail, if all our joys be few,
Shall man his Maker's Providence arraign,
Man, who creates the more than half his pain?
Who freely gives each wanton wish to play,
Sinks Passion's slave, and courts his tyrant sway?

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Who arms the hand of Death? Man, foolish man;
He courts of loath'd disease the spectres wan;
He arms his murd'rer; points th' envenom'd dart,
That deeply strikes his fond, his sanguine heart.
I see the dread, the hideous troops arise,
Harrow my soul, and glare upon my eyes:
I see the dismal realms of Death expand!
How deep the horrors of that dreary land!
With fearful step, and trembling as I tread,
Sleep startles from its everlasting bed.
There never shines the world-reviving ray,
But ever-during darkness damps the day;
Save that the sallow torch of fun'ral light
Mocks the thick-spreading glooms of cheerless night.
Across, around, what eyeless spectres throng,
Shriek through the mournful aisles, and glide along!
Enwrapt in musing mood, with hasty stride,
And mien disturb'd, see sullen Suicide
Burst from his restless grave! with wistful eyes,
And haggard front, he views the distant skies:
He marks of heav'nly bliss the raptur'd choir,
And op'ning paradise, with vain desire;
For hopeless as he treads, with broken pace,
Averted angels turn the blushing face.

See ruthless Murder, all with blood defil'd!
A mother plunge the dagger in her child!

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There, by a savage Son, oh! hellish deed!
Behold an aged partial Parent bleed!
Affrighted Earth with sudden horror quakes,
And trembling Nature to her centre shakes.
See tortur'd Jealousy, with yellow eye,
Catch at the shadowy fancies ere they fly:
To him the sun grows dark, nor nature fair,
He lives with gloom, and spleen, and fix'd despair.
See ghastly Pride, still deckt with regal crown,
Stern o'er his shadowy subjects darkly frown;
In purple robe he mounts his faithless throne,
Mock'd by the eyeless skull and fleshless bone;
And, in fantastic trappings ill array'd,
Still impotently threats the ghastly shade!
Ambition starts, and at his impious word
Murder unsheaths his all-devouring sword:
Millions on millions rising at his call,
And all to soothe his pride those millions fall:
For them not ever dew of pity steals
Adown his cheek; not he their mis'ry feels:
Yet willing millions his mad passion feed,
Freedom resign, and ready victims bleed.
Riot prepares his festal dome with waste,
And calls his friend Intemp'rance to the feast:
The house, all lustre, breathes with sweet perfume,
Resounds with music, smiles with youthful bloom.
Festivity trips light the wanton dance,
And Lust shoots languishing his am'rous glance;
While Death invisible, with hideous mien,
Grins secret satisfaction at the scene.

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But hark! what sounds so sweetly stealing still
Enchant my ear, my nerves with rapture thrill?
Æolian lyres awake! Peace breathes around,
And all the tuneful air is magic sound:
The glooms disperse, and cloth'd in new-born light,
What heav'nly visions swim before my sight!
In robes of white, lo! Innocence appears,
And Consolation smiling all through tears:
Majestic and erect see Virtue tread,
While amaranthine garlands crown her head:
Hope points to distant rays that faintly gleam
O'er horrors brown, and many a torrent stream:
Grief eyes dark clouds of sorrow distant flown,
And joys for all the mis'ry she had known.
Her budding wings the saint Religion tries,
Spurns the dull earth, and pants to gain the skies:
No more;—with sudden transport fires my breast,
Nor can the heart of man conceive the rest.

THE END.

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